UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.
TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.
VOLUME XXV.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1844.
WHOLE NO. 1200.

Original Poetry.

"FEAR NOT."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD POLLOCK

Fear not, what has the heart to fear
From care or pain below?
This world that frowns around us here
Was e'er a world of woe.
Fear not, but meekly bear the smart
Of Heaven's chastening rod,—
Life's cares but break the stubborn heart,
And fashion it for God.

Fear not, what hath the heart to fear
From death's destroying hand?
Why vainly wish to linger here
Despite a God's command?
Then fear not tho' his viewless dart
With fatal aim be driven,—
For *death* but binds the broken heart,
And gives it back to Heaven.

THE SUSPECTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON

Nay, fear me not beloved; I am come
With other thoughts than vengeance. Turn not thus
Thy dear face from me. Henry, I am here
To soothe and comfort thee, now that thou art
Deserted by all else, as if thou wert
Indeed a pestilent and loathsome thing
Fit only for corruption and the worms.
I cannot fear infection, death to me
Is all too slow in coming. Oh that God
Would give me thy disease, and let thee live!
Thou now hast need of me. I will remain
And serve and aid thee, and administer
All healing medicines; I will bathe thy head
With grateful acids, and thy burning hands
In pure cold water. I will bring thee food
Such as thy state requires, and give thee drink,
And sit beside thy pillow all night long
To watch thy breath, with spirit gushing forth
In tears and ardent prayers. I will do all
That woman's never, never weary hand
And all enduring spirit can perform.
When thou shalt be recovered, I will go
Back to my hiding place. If thou wilt then
But smile, and say I thank thee, Isabel—
Those words should lie upon my broken heart
A blessed balm-leaf, and that precious smile
Should live a glory on my weary nights,
A rainbow on the storm-cloud of my life.
To such a beautiful a sweet relief.

Thou art a man, and can'st not comprehend
The heart of woman, which is like a harp
Strung and attun'd to most exquisite bliss,
But which awakes not till the master hand
Of Love is laid upon it. Then her soul
Is full of melody, and every pulse
That stirs her bosom is an echoing thrill
Of that one tender lay, and if the strain
Be bliss or agony, or life or death
It mingles with her soul. Identity
By her is quite forgotten, she exists
And acts but for the idol of her love.

I will not chide thee, but I must complain,
Now that thou canst not fly me, I must breathe
The story of my love, my worshiping,
Which of itself is truth, unchangeable.

I was a happy girl, careless of heart
And full of music as a warbling bird
Which sings because its soul is melody
And floats out on its breathing. Every bliss
That young hearts take delight in was mine own.

Thy voice came to my heart the breath of life,
Thrilling its fibres with a living bliss
And pulsing through my frame a tenderness
Of which thou wert the soul. Thenceforth I knew
No life apart from thine; no joy, no hope,
No happiness that centred not in thee.
'Twere vain to say I lov'd thee, for my soul,
My whole existence was all full of thee,
And where thou wert was bliss. I had no aim
In life but to promote thy happiness—
Then I became a woman and resigned
The pride of girlhood, bowing meekly down
To woman's destiny, with glowing heart
Blessing the Wisdom that ordain'd her lot,
Her blissful lot, to love and serve the man—
To whom her heart does homage.

Earnestly
My kindred warn'd me that I should not wed
A haughty, and ambitious man like thee.
But what they deem'd thy faults, were in mine eyes
High excellences. That a heart so proud,
So stern, so independent of the world
Could bow to me, a weak and simple girl,
And deem the treasure of my heart a prize
Worth suing for, awoke my gratitude,
And gave me cause for pride. For thee, for thee
I threw aside the blessed coronet
Of home's endearing jewels, and put on
The bridal ring instead. And I went forth,
In blissful confidence of happiness
With thee, and only thee. To me thou wert
The cup of life, brim full of happiness,
And my heart bathing in the nectar flood
Ask'd nothing more of Heaven.

Shall I say on?
Oh Henry! Henry! Were it possible
For language to express the bitterness,
That came upon my spirit, like the flood
To the primeval world, extinguishing
Beauty and life, and spreading o'er the waste
A cold and sweltering shroud. Could'st thou have seen
The livid corses, and the draggled flowers,
That lay beneath the waters of my grief,
Thou might'st perhaps have learn'd to understand
How desolate a woman's heart can be.
Death had been welcome then; for life to me
Was but a light within a sepulchre,
Shewing the death and darkness, brooding there.
I could have borne thy coldness; could have borne
The careless glance, and the indifferent tone,
The long protracted absence, and the death
Of all my joys in thee. I could have borne
Almost, to see another in thine arms,
But to be doubted, ah, that thou should doubt
My love, my truth, my honor! Oh that God
Had stricken me from being, while my heart
Was happy in thy love and confidence.

There is not in the phial of Heaven's wrath—
In the black chalice of infernal ire—
Or in the more ingeniously mix'd draught
That human malice pours, a drop so keen
So deadly bitter to a woman's soul
As the suspicion of her purity
Utter'd by him she loves. It kills the heart;
It wounds the spirit; It breaks down the soul!
She is suspected. Wherefore should she live?
Why cherish virtue? Why be innocent?

Oh man belov'd! Could'st thou but feel the weight
That presses like a leaden monument
Upon the breast of her thou dost suspect,
Thou wouldst not lightly taunt her with a crime
Including all of guilt, hypocrisy,
Falsehood, and baseness, that the human heart,
Vile as it is, can practice, or conceive.
A woman once suspected is undone,
Thrown from her confidence in God and man;
For wherefore, wherefore should the innocent
Be doomed to wear the heaviest of all chains,
And drink the keenest of life's nauseous draughts?
There is no peace within her broken heart,
No joy in all the glorious world around.
Even the consciousness of innocence
That blessed solace of all other woes
To her heart sickness is a bitter balm.
And when she kneels in prayer though she lift up
The offering of a broken contrite heart,
Hands spotless as an infant's, and seal eyes
Wet with the holy dew of piety,
She hears the world hiss forth "The hypocrite!"
And Christianity sigh forth a prayer,
That she, the Magdalen, may be forgiven!
The bitter fountain in her heart is stirr'd,
And quenches out devotion's fragrant fire.

A shadow walks forever at her side,
With blackness tinging all her works and ways.
Though as she wanders weeping through the world
She strews her pathway with the holiest gifts
Of charity, and good will unto man,
Even those that gather up the precious flowers
Suspect a lurking mildew in the leaves
And almost fear contagion.

Dost thou weep?
There is no balsam even in thy tears
To heal my spirit wounds. Not the whole flood
Of the vast ocean, and the rain of Heaven,
Can e'er efface the record of my shame
Yet I am innocent, and pure of heart
As when an infant in my mother's arms.

No, tell me not of hope! To such as me
She points but to the grave, and that pure world
Beyond its precincts, where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Oh! speak it not! I cannot dwell with thee
And love thee! and be happy; for my heart
Is like a broken vase. 'Tis vain to pour
Hope, love, or consolation into it,
They cannot heal, and will but trickle forth
Mix'd with the cankering dregs that rankle there,
In hot corrosive drops.

Oh no! oh no!
Thou'st wounded. It is past thy power to heal,
And we are both undone.

Original Novel.

MARIAN;

Or, Ingleborough Hall.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
CONTINUED

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,
AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "GUARICA," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER X.

Three hours had elapsed since all the inhabitants of Ingleborough Hall had retired to their own chambers, and one, at least, since Marian had retired from her sister's dressing-room, to bed, but not to sleep. During that weary hour, she had lain tossing to and fro, feverish with anxiety and expectation, irresolute, anxious and heartsick.

The last words which Ernest De Vaux had whispered in her ear, unheard by any others, contained a fervent entreaty, perhaps—I should say, rather, a command—that she should meet him after all the house had gone to rest, in the garden. And strange it was, that despite all that had passed, despite all her own good resolutions, all the resistance of her native modesty, all her conviction—for she was almost convinced that *he* was base and bad—she yet lacked firmness to set the tempter at defiance.

It is a singular fact, but one which we nevertheless encounter more frequently than would be supposed, that it is women of the most bold and free and fearless characters, who, so long as their fancies are untouched, appear the wildest and the most untameable, that are subdued and engrossed the most completely, when they once become thoroughly enamored, when they once meet with an overmastering spirit.

And so it was with Marian Hawkwood; high spirited and almost daring, while her heart was free, no sooner had she fallen desperately in love, as she did, with De Vaux, than she became, so far as she was concerned, the most thoroughly subjugated and tamed of beings. Her whole nature, toward him, at least, seemed to have undergone a change. Her very intellect appeared to have lost much of its brilliancy, of its rapid and clear perceptions, as soon as he was to be judged.

To us, such things appear very strange, although we see them happening before our eyes almost daily. To us, they are as inexplicable as the one half of our motives and our actions must appear incomprehensible to the other sex. But all these diversities, all these inexplicable contradictions as they seem, in the nature and characteristics of our race, have been created, and unquestionably for wise ends, by Him whose every deed is all wise, whose every purpose perfect. And it may well be that it is these very differences, these very extremities of thought and action, that render the two sexes so eminently attractive to another.

To the mind of a man it naturally would appear impossible, that after what had passed, Marian should still entertain a belief, a hope, even, that De Vaux could explain honorably his most dishonorable conduct—dishonorable, if possible, yet more toward herself than toward Annabel. It would seem that when he presumed to whisper in her ear that prayer for a clandestine interview, she would have recognized and spurned him for the villain that he was. But it was not so—she still hoped—if she did not believe—and if she made him no answer at the time, it was that her maiden purity of soul revolted from the idea of a rendezvous with any man at that untimely hour, and in a place so sequestered.

At first, indeed, she resolved that she would not meet him, and even made up her mind to confide his request to Annabel, as a fresh proof of his atrocious baseness. But gradually worse thoughts and more fatal wishes began to creep in, and she suffered the long conversation between herself and Annabel to come to a termination, without touching on the circumstance at all. At length she left her sister's chamber, and withdrew to her own, still without any fixed intention of granting his request, but certainly without any fixed determination not to do so.

After she had undressed herself, however, and that she did so was a proof that up to this time her better principles had the upper hand, she knelt down by her bedside, buried her face in her hands, and seemed, at least, to pray. It was, however, but too evident that her mind was in no state for prayer. She burst into a fit of violent and convulsive weeping, mixed with sobs almost hysterical, while strong shudderings ran through her whole fair frame.

"No!" she said, starting up after a while, and calming herself by a powerful effort of the will—"no, no, I cannot pray—it is mockery—a shameful mockery to bend my knees and move my lips in prayer before the throne of God, when no thought of him remains fixed in my mind—when by no effort can I concentrate my wandering senses upon his goodness and mercy—when by no effort can I banish from my soul the recollection, the wild yearning for the creature usurping thus the place of the Creator! Oh, my God!" she continued, even more wildly than before—"my God, what shall I do—what shall I do! what have I done that I should be thus terribly afflicted! To bed—to bed!" she added, extinguishing her taper, as she spoke—"to bed, but not to sleep! never to sleep again in peace or dreamless. Would to God that this bed were the grave—the cold unconscious grave!"

And with the words, she laid her head upon the pillow, and closed her eyelids, saying to herself, "no no, it were unmaidenly, I will not think of it—no, no!" But she did think of it—nay, she could think of nothing else; and ere long she unclosed her eyes, and looked about her chamber with a wild, eager glance, as if she were in search of something which she expected to see there, but saw not. Again she closed them, and cast herself back impatiently upon the bed, and lay quiet for a little while; but it was only by a great effort that she forced herself to do so, and before long, she started up crying, "I shall go mad—I shall go mad—I hardly know if I am not mad already. It is all fire here!" and she clasped her small white hands over her brow, "all raging and consuming fire! Air! air! I must have air—I am choking, stifling! Can it be that the room is so suffocating hot—or is it in my own heart!"

The comfortable, roomy chamber in which she lay, could not have been more pleasantly attempered to the weather and the season, had it been regulated by the thermometer. It was a large and airy chamber, situated at the corner of the house, so that its two large latticed casements looked out in different directions, one over the little garden amphitheatre so often noticed, the other down the broad valley to the southward. The moon, which was now nearly full, streamed in at the eastern window, and would have rendered the room nearly as bright as day, if it had not been for the leafy head of one of the huge sycamores that interrupted the soft beams partially, and swaying backward and forward in the west wind, which was fitful and uncertain, now blowing in long gusts, now lulling altogether, cast huge and wavering shadows over the floor and walls—so that they were at one time all bathed in lustrous light, and the next moment steeped in misty shadows.

There was something in this wavering effect of light and shade, that at first caught the eye merely and attracted the physical attention, if it is allowed so to speak, and afterwards began to produce an impression on her mind. It seemed to her as if the vagueness and incertitude of these fleeting shades were in some sort assimilated to the wild and whirling thoughts which were chasing one another across the horizon of her own mind. Then she compared them to the changes and chances of mortal life, and thence, as we are all so prone to do, when in trouble and affliction, she began to charge all her own misfortunes, and many of her own faults, to the account of fortune.

If it had not been for the irresistible destiny which had compelled Ernest to leave her at York, it could not have been, she thought, that seeking her out so eagerly as he did on all occasions, and admiring her personal charms so evidently, Ernest should not have ended by loving and wooing her instead of her passionless and gentle sister.

And from this train of thought she fell into another yet more perilous. How, she now asked herself, had it come to pass that he had wooed Annabel at all—how, when he loved herself, should he have sought her sister's love—or how, loving her sister, should he have given way, so clearly and openly as he had done to-day, to a passion for herself.

His conduct did seem in truth incomprehensible—perhaps to himself, even, it might have been so—for, I believe that, far oftener than is generally believed, men, if they were to subject themselves to strict self-examination, would be at a loss to account to themselves for the motives whence arise very many of their actions.

This very strangeness of Ernest De Vaux's [illegible] very impossibility of accounting for his conduct on any reasonable hypothesis, had the worst possible effect for her happiness, on the mind of Marian. If she was to consider this whole course of conduct infamous and base, the baseness seemed too gratuitous, the infamy too void of motive, to be credited. And hence she was led to fancy that there must be some unseen and secret hand which had given motion to the whole machinery, and which, could it but be discovered, would probably afford a ready clue and complete solution to all that now appeared dark and enigmatical in her lover's words and actions.

For whatever we find glaringly inconsistent, or foolishly miscontrived in the conduct of men, we are wont in our blindness and conceitedness of heart to consider enigmatical and obscure, as if forsooth, men were anything but masses of inconsistencies the most glaring and self-evident.

Having soon brought herself to the conclusion that because she could not understand the conduct of Ernest, there must necessarily be something in it to be understood, she now went to work to find out what this something could be. The original bane of woman, curiosity, was busy in her secret soul, and soon there came together two sister friends to aid her in the invidious onslaught she was seeking on the strong holds of principle and virtue—fit partners in the foul alliance, vain self-esteem, and jealousy.

First she commenced asking herself how it could have been that he should have failed to love her, and yet have fallen in love instantly with Annabel—then she half doubted, whether he had, indeed, ever loved Annabel at all—that he did so no longer was quite evident—and in the end she convinced herself, that she had been the object of his love from the beginning, that by some misapprehension of her manner he had been led to believe her indifferent to himself, and that in pique he had devoted himself to her sister.

This train once kindled in her mind, the flame ran rapidly from point to point, and she was very soon so completely self-deluded, that she gave herself up to the conviction that she was herself the only true love of De Vaux, that his conduct had been natural, and if very blameable, still honorable, and deserving some compassion from the fact that her own charms had been the cause of all the mischief. Still she was very far from having made up her mind to meet him, though she had already admitted to herself that it was cruel to condemn him without giving him an opportunity of defending himself, and one step leading to another, she soon began to consider seriously the possibility of doing that, which but an hour before she could not have contemplated without terror and disgust.

Ere long it was fear only that dissuaded her from going—the fear of discovery, and that was but a weak opponent to strong and passionate love—for she did love Ernest De Vaux strongly and passionately—particularly when that love was aided, and abetted, by the other kindred spirits of evil, which I have enumerated, and which forever lie hid in the secret recesses of the human heart waiting the opportunity to arise and do battle, when the better principles are weakened by temptations, and the tone of the mind soured by vexation and rendered angry by disappointment.

Then she arose at length, half timidly still, and half reluctantly. Nor did she as yet admit to herself what was her intention as she dressed herself hastily, and stole with a beating heart and noiseless step to the door of her sister's chamber. Opening it with a careful hand, she entered, and stole silently to the bedside. Pale as a lily, calm and tranquil lay sweet Annabel, buried in deep, and as she at first thought dreamless sleep. One fair slight hand was pressed upon her bosom, the other arm was folded under the head of the lovely sleeper. The broad light of the moonbeams fell in flood of pure silvery radiance over the lovely picture—and surely never lovelier was devised—of virgin innocence, and purity of meekness.

For many moments the perturbed and anxious Marian stood by the side of the couch gazing upon the face of that once beloved sister—alas! that I must say *once* beloved—for already had jealousy, and distrust, and envy come over the heart of the no less lovely watcher—and she felt, as she stood there, that she no longer loved that sister, as she used to love, or as she was still herself beloved. No contrast can be imagined more striking than that between the sleeper, so still, so tranquil, so serene—yet so inanimately pale and spiritual in her aspect—and the flushed cheeks, and flashing eyes, and frame quivering with wild excitement of the half trembling, half guilty girl who stood beside her. The deep regular calm breathing of the sleeper, the short quick panting inspirations of the excited watcher—the absolute unconsciousness of the one and the terrible and overwrought feelings of the other—the innocence, the confidence, the trust in God, of Annabel—the agonies, the wishes, and the doubts of Marian.

And strange as it may seem, the very peacefulness, the very absence of all semblance of earthly feeling or earthly passion in her slumbering sister, the infantile repose which brooded over the candid face, augmented Marian's feelings of nascent dislike or disaffection. An angry sense of vexation that Annabel should be able to sleep sound and quiet even amid her griefs, while she could neither rest in mind or body. Then she began to justify herself in her own eyes by suffering her mind to dwell on the idea that Annabel could not be wronged by her, should she consent to wed Ernest, for that her very calmness and tranquillity must needs betoken the absence of true passion.

While she was wondering thus a slight sound from the garden under the windows caught her ear, and she started wildly, her heart bounding as if it would have burst out of her tortured bosom. A shadow steals not across the moonlighted landscape more noiselessly than did Marian Hawkwood glide over the carpet to the lattice, and gaze down into the quiet shrubbery. Alas! for Marian—there on the gravel walk, half hidden by the shadow of the giant sycamores—stood the graceful and courtly figure of the tempter. His eyes were directed upward to the casement at which she was standing—they met hers—and on the instant, deeply versed in all the hypocrisies of gallantry, Ernest De Vaux knelt down, and clasped his hands as if he were in prayer, and she might see his lips tremble in the moonlight.

She turned—she retrod the chamber floor in silence—she stood again beside her sister's bed—but this time it was to see only whether that sister's ears were sealed in oblivious slumber. As she paused, she had an opportunity of judging whether the dreams of that pale sleeper were indeed so blissful—whether the heart of Annabel was so serene and passionless. The moonbeams fell full on her face, as I have said, and Marian saw two heavy tears glide from her deeply curtained lids, and slide down her transparent cheeks: and while she gazed upon her she stirred, and stretched out both her arms, as if to clasp some one and murmured in her sleep the name—of Marian.

Had that small simple [illegible] girl looked out and saw Ernest, all might yet have been well—but it was all too late—passion was burning in her every vein, and bounding in her every pulse—it was too late!—she turned and left the chamber.

Cautiously she stole to the staircase, groping her way in the glimmering twilight through the long oaken corridor—as she reached the stairhead she again paused, listened, and trembled—did she hesitate? Upon that landing place there stood two complete panoplies of steel, worn by some loyal Hawkwood of old time in the wars of the Roses, and as the eyes of the excited girl fell upon them, it appeared to her that the spirits of her dead ancestors were looking out from the bars of their avantailles reproachfully on their delinquent daughter. Hastily she darted past them, and flew down the stairs and reached the vestibule, and there she met another interruption, for a small favorite greyhound—her favorite—she had reared it from a puppy when its dam perished—which was sleeping on the mat, rose up and fawned upon her, and would not be repulsed, but stood erect on its hinder legs and laid its long paws on her arm, as she thought afterward, imploringly, and uttered a low ominous whine as she cast it off.

She unbolted the hall door, opened it, glided out like a guilty spectre into the glimpses of the moon—and as she did so a fleecy cloud passed over the pale face of the planet, and a long wailing cry rose plaintively upon the still night. It was but the cry of an owl—there were hundreds of them in the woods around, and she heard them hoot nightly—yet now she shuddered at the sound as if it were a warning—and was it not so? The smallest things are instruments in the hands of HIM, to whom all earthly things are small.

CHAPTER XI.

Despite the warning sounds, which at the moment smote on her soul so ominously, Marian went down the steps leading from the little porch into the garden, although her steps faltered, and her heart beat violently between fear and expectation, and the consciousness that she was acting wrongly. Before she had advanced, however, ten paces, round the corner of the Hall, into the grove of sycamores, wherein the shadows fell dark and heavy over the gravel walk, which threaded it, she was joined by Ernest de Vaux.

He appeared, at the moment, to be little less agitated than she was herself; his countenance, even to the lips, was ashy pale, and she could see that he trembled and it was owing, perhaps, to this very visible embarrassment on his part, that Marian felt less forcibly the extreme impropriety, if not indelicacy, of her own conduct.

Had he come to meet her, confident, proud, and evidently exhilarated by the success of his machinations, it is probable that her modesty would have been offended; that she would have discovered the danger she was running, and withdrawn, ere it was yet too late, for happiness or honor.

But, as it was, when she saw the man she loved, coming to meet her, wan and agitated, timid and with the trace of tears on his pallid cheeks, a sense of pity rose in her bosom, and lent its aid to the pleadings of that deceptive advocate within her soul, which needed no assistance in his favor.

Still, as she met him, there was an air of dignity, and self-restraint, and maidenly reserve about her, that went some little way at least, to screen her from the consequences of her exceeding indiscretion; and when she addressed him—for it was she who spoke the first—it was in a voice far cooler, and more resolute, than the mind which suggested and informed it.

"I trust"—she said—"my Lord de Vaux, that you have good, and sufficient cause, for the strange request which you made me at our last interview—some cause, I mean, sir, that may justify you, in requiring a lady to meet you thus clandestinely, and alone, and *her* in consenting to do so. There has been so much strange and mysterious, my lord, in your whole conduct and demeanor, from the first to the last; and that mystery—if not deceit—has wrought effects, so baleful on my sister's happiness, that I confess I have hoped you may have something to communicate that may, in some degree, palliate your own motives, which now seem so evil; and repair the positive evil which you have done her. It is on this consideration only, that I have consented to give you a hearing. It is in this trust only, that I have taken a step, which I fear me, is unmaidenly and wrong in itself—but it is by my motives, that my conduct must be judged; and I know those to be honorable and correct. Now, my lord, may it please you to speak quickly that you have got to say—but let me caution you, that I hear no addresses, nor receive any pleadings, meant for my own ear—one such word, and I leave you. Speak, my lord!"

"You are considerate, ever, dear young lady"—replied Ernest de Vaux, in tones of deep respect, not drawing very near to her, nor offering to take her hand, nor tendering any of those customary familiarities, which, though perfectly natural at any other time, might, under present circumstances, have had the effect of alarming her, and checking her freedom of demeanor.

"You are considerate, ever, dear young lady! and I am bold to say it, your confidence is not misplaced, nor shall your trust be deceived!"

"I do not know"—answered Marian—"I do not know, my lord! It is for you to show that—at present, appearances are much against you; nor do I see what explanation you can make, that shall exonerate you. But to the point, my lord, to the point!"

"None, Miss Hawkwood—none! I have no explanations that I can make which shall exonerate ——!"

"Then why"—she interrupted him, warmly and energetically—"why have you brought me hither?—or to what do you expect that I shall listen?—not, methinks! to a traitor's love-tale!"

"Which shall exonerate me, I would have said"—De Vaux resumed, as quickly as she left off speaking—"had you permitted me, from the grossest and most blind folly—hallucination—madness!—Yes! I believe I have been mad."

"Madness, my lord!" exclaimed Marian, "is very apt to be the plea of some people for doing just whatsoever they think fit—without regard to principle or honor, to the feelings of their fellow creatures, or to the good opinion of the world. I trust it is not so with you—but I, for one, have never seen aught in your conduct that was incompatible with the most sound and serious sanity."

"I hardly know how I may speak to you without offence, dear mistress Marian. My object, in requesting you to hear a few last words from a very wretched, and very penitent man, arose from a painful yearning to stand pardoned, if not justified, in the eyes of one being at least, of this family, to whom I owe so much, and by whom I am now so grievously misapprehended."

ously, and her eye sparkled for a moment, and her pale cheek flushed crimson—"then you have some excuse to offer—well! my lord, well.—It was in hopes of hearing such, that I came hither—there can be no offence to me in that—I shall be very glad to hear that one of whom I have thought well, is worthy of such estimation."

"But to prove that," he answered, in a soft, low voice, "I must enter upon a history, I must speak to you of things that passed long ago—of things that passed at York!"

"My Lord!" and she started back, a brief spark of indignation gleaming in her bright eyes—"my lord!"

"Nay"—he replied, humbly and sadly—"if you forbid me to speak, I am silent—but by no other means can I exculpate myself, but by naming these things—and I asseverate to you by the earth, and the heavens, and all that they contain!—I swear to you, by HIM, who made them all! that, if you deign to hear me, I have a perfect and complete defence, against all but the charge of folly. And, as you hope for happiness yourself, here or hereafter, I do conjure you hear me!"

"Your promises are very strong, my lord, and your adjuration such, that I may not refuse to listen to you."

"I must speak to you of yourself, lady!"

"Of myself!"

"Aye! of yourself—for you, Marian Hawkwood, are the cause, the sole cause of everything that has appeared inconsistent, base, or guilty on my part!"

"I! my lord—I!—I the cause of your inconsistency, your guilt, your baseness!"—she cried, indignantly—"Prove it—prove it—but I defy you!"—she added, more calmly, and with a scornful intonation of voice—"You know that all this is words—words—false and empty words! Now, sir, speak out at once, or I leave you—better it were, perhaps, had I never come at all!"

Better, indeed! Alas! poor Marian, that your own words should be so terribly prophetic, that your one fault should have so sealed and stamped your life with the impression of remorse and sorrow. For Ernest de Vaux had now gained his end, he had so stimulated and excited her curiosity, and through her curiosity, her interest, that she was now prepared, nay, eager, to listen to words, which, a little while before, she would have shrunk from hearing. And he perceived the advantage he had gained—for all his seeming agitation and embarrassment, were but consummate acting, and made himself ready to profit by it to the utmost.

"You cannot but remember, lady"—he resumed, artfully, adopting the unconcerned tone of a mere narrator—"the day when I first saw you at the High Sheriff's ball!"

"I do not know, my lord, what very charming memories I have to fix the time or place upon my mind, of an event by no means striking or delightful; was it at the High Sheriff's ball?—it might have been, doubtless; for I was there—and if you say it was, I do not doubt that you are quite right."

But this affected unconcern, this little stratagem of poor Marian, availed her nothing with De Vaux; for he saw through it in a moment. He knew instinctively and instantly, that it was affected—and more, the affectation convinced him that there was something that she would conceal; and what that something was, his consummate knowledge of the female heart informed him readily. But he replied, as if he was taken in by the artifice.

"It is fortunate for you," he said, "that you can forget so easily—would to God! that I had been able to do likewise—but if you have forgotten the time and the place, I cannot believe that you have as readily forgotten the deep and evident impression which your charms made upon me—my eagerness to gain your acquaintance—my constant and assiduous attentions—in short—the deep and ardent passion with which you had filled my very soul, from the first hour of our meeting."

"Indeed!"—she replied, very scornfully, and coldly—"you do far too much honor to my penetration. I never once suspected anything of the kind; nor do I even now conjecture what motive can impel you to feign, what, I believe, never had an existence in reality."

"You must have been blind, indeed—lady—as blind as I was myself. And yet you cannot deny that my eye dwelt on you; followed you everywhere—that I danced with you constantly, with you *alone*, and that when I danced not with you, I waited ever nigh you, to catch one glance from your eye, one murmur from your sweet voice. You cannot but have noticed this!"

"And if I did, my lord?—and if I did, ladies of birth and station, do not imagine that every young man, who likes to dance with them, and talk soft nonsense to them, who perhaps thinks them pretty enough, or witty enough, to wile away a tedious hour in the country, is in love with them—any more than they wish gentlemen to flatter themselves, that *they* have yielded up their hearts, because they condescend to be amused by lively conversation, or even flattered by attentions, which they receive as things of course!"

"And did you so receive—did you so think of my attentions?"

"Upon my word, my lord, I don't remember that I thought anything at all about them—that I perceived them even! But your self-justification is taking a strange turn. To what is all this tending, I beseech you?"

"To this—Marian Hawkwood—that when I saw you daily, nightly, at York, I loved you with the whole passionate and violent devotion of a free, honest heart—that I endeavored by all means in my power, by the most eager and assiduous devotion, by all those nameless indescribable attentions, which we are taught to believe that women prize above all things—"

"Women are much obliged to you, my lord, upon my word!" she interrupted him.

"To let you perceive," he continued, as if he had not heard her, "to make you understand how I adored you; and I believed that I had not been unsuccessful—I believed more, that you both saw, and appreciated, and returned my love, Marian!"

"Did you, indeed?" she replied, with a bitter expression of haughtiness and scorn. "Did you, indeed, believe so? Then you were, in the first place, very unhappily mistaken—and, in the second, egregiously misled by your vain self-conceit."

"I believe *not*, Mistress Marian—ladies are generally sufficiently clear-sighted in matters that concern the heart—especially when men endeavor to make those matters evident to them. I did so—and you received my attentions with very evident gratification. I do not now believe that you are in the least a coquette—though I did think so for a time—besides, I *know* that you love me now."

"Love you," she replied, with a burst of fiery indignation, "nay! but I hate, scorn, loathe, detest you!" and she gave way in a moment, to a paroxysm of violent and hysterical weeping; staggered back to a garden chair; and sank into it; and lay there with her head drooping, [illegible] like a summer's rain, and her heart throbbing and bounding as if it would break from her bosom.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Magazines.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST

THE NAMELESS BARD.

BY J. B. TAYLOR

They keep his memory yet—
That gentle-souled, that meek-eyed, dreaming boy!
They speak of him, as if there were a joy
Even in their sad regret,
To breathe his name who gladdened once their eyes—
Like a meek angel in a mortal's guise!

Still speak they of the child
Who from the merriest sport would steal away,
Where his young brothers gathered at their play,
To seek some dim wood wild;
Where through the boughs the blue sky's summer smile
Shone on his heart, in quiet joy the while.

All creatures shared his love;
His pure heart flowed in kindness out to all
Freely as do the warm, glad sunbeams fall.
It seemed as if the dove,
Moaning in secret, ceased when he was near,
And rang the woodland robins note more clear.

But childhood passed away;
Cares that he could not brave came o'er his track—
Awhile he struggled on the world's grim rack,
Keeping his heart at bay;
But vainly shrinking spirits war with pride—
The world looked coldly on him—and he died!

His was no coward heart
That feared to meet misfortune; he could bear,
If men but loved him, any weight of care.
But could not dwell apart,
Checking his proud desires, since none might know
From what far height the poet's feelings flow.

And so he early died;
A spirit walking the dull earth alone—
Its bright and heavenly nature never known.
The glory and the pride
Of a pure soul forever lost to earth,
Crushed by man's avarice in its hour of birth.

There are proud names in song;
Lays caught from Heaven have pealed from earthly lyres,
And bards have taught the world their glorious fires
To higher spheres belong;
Men own their power when Time has tried their strain,
Yet doom the Nameless Bard to wo and pain!

They see the light afar,
Blind to the jewel glowing at their feet,
Till death has claimed a life at best too fleet;
While, like a new-born star,
Another soul, released from earthly wrong,
Has joined the glorious Brotherhood of Song!

FROM PETERSON'S LADIES' MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.

ELLEN ELMER.

Or, The Spring of the Valley.

BY MARY A. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER I.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, when a horseman might be seen advancing slowly along a sylvan road, not far from the pretty village of Olney. He was apparently about nineteen, and had quite a prepossessing appearance. His face was manly rather than beautiful, but he had the most lovely chesnut curls, and an eye of great brilliancy and expression. His figure was well knit, and rather above the medium height, and he rode his high-spirited animal with ease and grace.

Suddenly the road emerged from the woodlands, and the traveller found himself in one of those sweet and placid vallies with which our lovely land abounds. On one side in the distance swelled up a gentle elevation, covered with green fields and clumps of forest oaks. On the other side the hill rose more abruptly, though the nearly precipitous sides were, in part, concealed by the primeval trees which everywhere overspread it. For the space of three or four hundred yards, however, immediately before the traveller, both sides of the valley, were covered with woods; and just where the cleared land, on the left began, an opening might be seen in the hill-side, as if a lateral valley there ran off to the north. From the precipitous hill-side opposite this gap, gushed a spring of the clearest water, which, after falling into a rude stone basin, overflowed the sides, and brawled away in a gentle rivulet.

When the traveller entered this lovely and quiet valley it was already late in the afternoon, so late that the sun was beginning to decline behind the western hill, and his beams, struggling between a clump of maples in the distance, were silvering the water in the fountain and gilding the greensward around, with farewell radiance. The solemn shade of the valley everywhere, except in this spot; and the deep quiet of approaching evening caused the horseman to draw his rein insensibly and gaze on the landscape. He had thus stood a moment, when, from the gap of the opposite hill, emerged a young girl scarcely above the childish age, but of wonderful beauty. Her dress bespoke her a cottager; but nature had bestowed on her a face and form that would have been envied by the proudest princess. Her hair was raven, soft and silky, and fell in natural ringlets over shoulders exquisitely rounded and white as statuary marble. Her eyes were large, full and dark, and her mouth the prettiest in the world.

"By Jove!" said the youthful traveller, "a perfect beauty. I have not seen so elegant a face and figure among all the beauties of New Haven. What a glorious woman she will be. Faith! how prettily she trips. As old Sir John Suckling has it, her feet, 'like little mice peep in and out.' I'll ask Arabella who she can be."

The girl had by this time advanced to the spring, where she filled her pitcher, and then turned to look around, while she rested it on the stone basin. Never was a more beautiful picture as she stood there, for but one moment, with the mellow sunlight falling around her form. Suddenly her eye caught that of the stranger. She blushed at his ardent look, and catching up her pitcher, bounded off like a startled fawn. The gaze of the horseman followed her until she disappeared. When he looked at the fountain again the sunshine had disappeared. He heaved a deep sigh and said.

"Heigho! the place seems as dark as a dungeon without her. She came and went like a fairy. How charmingly she blushed! I wonder how old she can be?—thirteen I should say. If she were older I might lose my heart. Beautiful child!"

He put spurs to his horse, and at a gallop dashed down the road, turned sharply into the little lateral valley, where she had disappeared, and keeping on with unabated speed through the village, which lay there hidden in the lap of the hills like a violet nestling in a quiet nook, never drew rein until he stopped before an imposing mansion embowered in trees, about a quarter of a mile beyond the hamlet. Here a servant quickly appeared, to whom he flung his bridle. A minute after he was welcomed by his guardian, and then, in rapid succession, by the lady of the house, and her daughter Annabel, the latter of whom coming forward with an affected air, languidly bid the handsome youth welcome.

Henry Osmond had been left an orphan at an early age. His father's will had appointed for the guardian of the boy a gentleman every way worty of the office; and under whose care the property of the young heir had accumulated during a long minority to a fortune unusually large. This guardian had an only daughter, who, though yet young, was of unbounded ambition, a trait which she inherited from her mother. These two had long resolved in their own minds that the young heir should be the husband of Annabel; and so adroitly had they manœuvred, that Osmond, ever since he began to think of the subject at all, had considered it as a matter of course, that Miss Webster was some day to be his wife. The father stood aloof from these machinations, of which indeed he was scarcely conscious. But regarding Osmond as a lad of high promise, he treated him as an especial favorite. Thus the young heir found himself universally courted at the hall; where accordingly, he always spent his vacations. On a visit of this kind he had now come.

"By the bye, Annabel," said Osmond, the next day, "who is the pretty girl I met at the valley spring yesterday? She has dark hair and eyes, and may be about thirteen. I saw her enter the second cottage on the right as I turned into the street. She is the most beautiful creature I ever saw, or dreamed of."

"Indeed!" said Annabel, surprised out of her usual languid tone— [illegible] that," added Osmond, coloring at his earnestness when he saw his companion's eye fixed on him.

Annabel, though scarcely sixteen, had already learned to be artful. She saw that Osmond was interested in this girl, and she determined to destroy the power of her rival, even at the expense of a falsehood.

"She is pretty, but that is all. Such a temper: her mother can do nothing with her. She wished to bind her to us, but ma would not have her about the house on any account. There was some talk about her having committed a theft that would have sent her to the Penitentiary, but it was hushed up: for her parents are excellent people in their way, only poor, and you know, as all such people are, very vulgar."

Osmond sighed involuntarily that one so beautiful should be so base; he implicitly believed all that his companion had said. He thought no more of the pretty cottager that day, but if her image would sometimes rise before him, he dismissed it, with a passing regret.

CHAPTER II.

Years had passed away since the events narrated in our last chapter, and Osmond, having completed his collegiate course, and made a tour of two years in Europe, was once more on a visit at his guardian's. He had been received by Mrs. Webster, now a widow, and by her daughter with smiles and courtesies; and Annabel was already arranging in her mind what her wedding dress should be, and in what style her household should be arranged. Not that Osmond had said anything to warrant the supposition that he contemplated a speedy marriage, but Annabel and her mother had no doubt he would now settle, and whom would he choose but her whom he had tacitly regarded from boyhood as his future wife? Besides, Mrs. Webster had more than once known third parties to tease Osmond about her daughter, and in no case had he uttered a denial, but seemed to consider the marriage as a matter of course.

And such indeed had been Osmond's determination when he arrived from Europe. He remembered Annabel as quite a pretty girl, a little affected it is true, but to atone for this, very accomplished, and having an exquisite taste in dress. She had, moreover, left on his mind the impression of an amiable heart, for he noticed that she was always dutiful to her parents, and kind and condescending to the servants. But now, on his return, though he found her improved in personal appearance, her affectation, instead of disappearing as he hoped, had grown into a habit; and, on one or two occasions, he had overheard slight altercations between her and her mother, when it was supposed that he was out of hearing. These things made him hesitate in executing his first resolution, to propose for Annabel at once. He determined to wait, and observe, before he made the final step.

The Sunday after his return he rode over to church in the neighboring parish, intending to dine with the minister, an old friend of his father. After service the good old man came out and shook him heartily by the hand.

"Welcome back, my dear young friend," said the rector, "you grow more and more like your father. You will come and dine with me. That is right. You know our Sunday fare, so I need make no apology. Leave your horse here; the sexton will bring him over to the parsonage; and then we can walk home through the orchard."

At dinner, a young lady sat at the head of the table, whose appearance struck Osmond so forcibly that only politeness restrained him from staring at her. She was eminently beautiful: and, moreover, it seemed as if he had seen the face somewhere before, though where he could not tell. He knew the rector had never married, and he had never heard of any relatives. Besides the name was a strange one, Elmer. Miss Elmer! He had never heard of a family in the country of that name. When they adjourned to the library, Osmond could not help alluding to the subject.

"Ah! yes she is a lovely creature," said the kind old minister in reply to the young man's remark, "and she is as good as she is lovely. You are right in saying the name is a strange one in the country. The poor girl is an orphan. Both her parents died about four years ago, shortly after they moved into this neighborhood. They were but poor cottagers, though they had seen better days. As there was no one to care for their daughter, I received her into my house and when poor old Hannah, my housekeeper, died, the dear child took her place, and I think we shall never part, for I love her as my own flesh and blood, and I believe she would make any sacrifice for me."

The conversation now changed, and after awhile Osmond left, promising to return soon again. Nor was he long in fulfilling his promise, for the image of the beautiful housekeeper was constantly before him, and the week seemed dull in which he did ride over to the parsonage at least twice. Annabel began to wonder at the frequency of these visits, but as she knew nothing of the attractions of the good rector's household, she remained in happy ignorance of the threatened destruction to her plans.

If the rector saw the growing interest of Osmond in his protegee, he at least said nothing, but suffered matters to take their course. The young man, let him come as often as he pleased, was always welcome, and, after awhile, the minister did not hesitate to leave the housekeeper to entertain his guest, if duty required his own presence elswhere. These *tete-a-tetes* became, finally, the most precious portion of Osmond's visit; and he even began to feel disappointed when his venerable friend was able to remain at home, preferring much rather the sweet society of Ellen Elmer. Yet he was not in love: at least he was not aware of being so. He was only conscious of having more than once contrasted Annabel with the good rector's protegee, and the result was always in favor of the latter.

CHAPTER III.

A delicious October morning! The sky was without a cloud, the air fresh and balmy, and the song of the corn-huskers rang from hill to hill. As Osmond rode through his favorite lanes, in his way across the country to the parsonage, he thought he had never seen nature so beautiful. And when, alighting at the garden gate, he beheld Ellen in the porch, as if awaiting him, with a heightened color in her cheek, and a look of welcome in her eyes, his heart beat tumultuously.

They walked together in the neighboring parlor. The rector had gone out; and they seated themselves in silence. Somehow Osmond had never felt so happy. The remembrance of her look, as he rode up, lingered in his memory; and for awhile he remained without speaking, indulging in this delicious recollection. At length he spoke.

"Do you know, Ellen," he said, "that I often think I have met you somewhere before; though when, or in what place, I vainly try to call to mind. I am sure I have either seen or dreamed of a face like yours."

Ellen blushed to her brow, and then gave him an arch look.

"And have you never met me before?" she said.

"I cannot recollect where?"

"Perhaps I can enlighten you," she replied. "Do you remember, four year ago, the first day you arrived at Webster's?"

"Yes!"

"And do you remember stopping at the spring in the valley?"

"Why—you are not the beautiful cottager I saw there!" exclaimed Osmond, a sudden light breaking in on him. "Yes! I see it now. There are the same eyes—the same hair. What a fool I have been!"

Ellen now blushed more than ever. Suddenly the look of radiant joy died from Osmond's face: he remembered what Annabel had told him. And could this lovely creature, whose society had grown almost necessary to his existence, have been the disobedient child, the victim of her violent passions, of whom Annabel had spoken. His brow grew clouded. But noticing Ellen's eye fixed inquiringly on him, and dreading lest she should attribute it to a wrong cause, he rallied himself, and soon pretending that he had come on especial business with the rector, took his leave.

Poor Osmond! The pain with which he learned Ellen's identity convinced him that he loved her. He could not, for a moment, think of marrying a person with such violent passions, and he almost hated the orphan for having deceived him with her apparent sweetness of temper, which he now saw was only put on for the occasion. These were his first feelings. But after he had ridden a mile he began to ask himself if Annabel might not possibly be mistaken. He recalled to mind all that the good rector had said in her favor; and the result was that he reached home with a comparatively light heart, determined to bring up the subject before Annabel.

But this designing girl, though utterly ignorant of the cause that prompted Osmond's enquiries, remembered the incident to which he alluded and adhered to her former story, adding,

"I believe I told you her parents were respectable people; but I was deceived. They left the village directly afterward, and no one knows where they went. Why do you ask?"

Osmond hesitated whether to confess the truth; but some unaccountable impulse suddenly decided him to do so. Annabel's color changed at his relation: she felt she had gone too far; and her very embarrassment strengthened the doubts of her truth which had begun to arise in Osmond's mind. He ventured to say,

"But are you quite sure that you are not misinformed?"

Annabel for an instant forgot herself, for she now saw, for the first time, she had a rival, and in the surprise, her usual dissimulation in Osmond's presence gave way before the natural violence of her temper.

"You may believe me or not," she said, with eyes sparkling with rage. "You seem to think more of that beggar's word than of mine," and, overcome by passion, she burst into tears and rushed from the room.

Osmond rose in astonishment. His worst suspicions of Annabel's temper were confirmed, and his doubts as to the accuracy of her relation increased. He resolved to satisfy himself at once by returning to the parsonage, waiting there for the rector, and unburdening to him his whole mind. Few men could be as energetic as Osmond, and before noon he was closeted with the minister.

"My dear young friend," said the rector, when Osmond had finished his narration, "Every word of that haughty woman's story is untrue. I have long known her passionate character, her disregard of truth, and her own and her mother's designs on you. But I knew your good sense would penetrate their plot: or if it did not, I saw there was time enough as yet to warn you. This accounts for my silence. As for Ellen I have known her for years, and she is as amiable as she is lovely. What you see her, such she is always. Her family, though reduced, is good, much better indeed than that of the Websters. Both her parents bore an irreproachable character. I am shocked at the baseness that could invent such charges against her. Why—at that time—Miss Webster could not have been more than sixteen. Alas! the inborn wickedness of the human heart."

"You relieve my mind from a load," said Osmond, "need I tell you I love Ellen, and that I will, this instant, lay my fortune at her feet."

"God bless you both!" said the old rector rising. "You will never repent of your choice. You will find the dear girl in the garden arbor, for she reads there at this hour every day."

Osmond did find her there, and before an hour he and Ellen returned to the house, and solicited together the rector's benediction. In just one month from that day they were united, their kind old friend performing the ceremony.

Annabel is still unmarried, and she will probably continue so. But though she regrets her conduct, we fear it is not with true repentance.

The last we heard of our hero and heroine, they were established, at a handsome residence, in the same village with the rector, while a family of lovely children was growing up around them.

STEAMBOAT SCENE.—A large, fat, pompous woman, who was ever and anon overlooking her husband, (a thin, lank personage, with a baby in his arms, who exhibited every mark of prolonged annoyance,) in reply to a meek complaint on his part of fatigue, and the expression of a wish that the nurse might get over her sea-sickness, said—"I never saw a man conduct so before—never on the face of the globed airth. If I'd ha' known that you was goin' to act in *this* way, *I wouldn't ha fetched you*!" The gentleman straightway sang the "Lay of the Henpecked" to the crying baby, and was thenceforth as mum as an oyster.—*Knickerbocker.*

LIVING IN NEW YORK.—"What do you call for?" said a waiter at one of our eating-houses, to a rough looking customer, dressed in a cartman's frock. "Bring me," said he, "a bowl of Green Turtle Soup with plenty of balls in it—a plate of boiled Salmon and Green Peas, and some Strawberries and Cream." "Mercy on me," said an Englishman present, "what a country. No Alderman in sound of bow bells could call for such a dinner and have it by calling," and yet the whole expense was but two and sixpence sterling.

United States
SATURDAY POST.
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.
Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturdrday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Since our last the "can't-get-aways" of this city have diminished in a most perceivable manner. Many persons whom we had firmly counted upon as bound to stay in the city while they remained any where—men who seemed of manly mood and capable of resisting the blandishments of the syren Change, have fallen from their allegiance, and are off to Cape May, Saratoga, or some of the other places where people annually congregate. There they crowd each other in the search of room—perspire in the uninterrupted rays of a burning sun—and forego the comforts of home with a most stoical heroism. Well, every one to his taste. Give us the pleasant ventilation of the West in the house in the morning, and the East in the afternoon—the shady side of the street (there are nothing but roads in the country) for *our* peregrinations! Give us the home fixings, and the daily paper, the new book, the ice cream without gravel, the walk in the squares without copper-heads or rattle-snakes—the bath in the tub without the danger of drowning or the sting of sea nettles! What is surf? We can make a froth of our own. What's spa-water? We can fill a bottle half full of iron filings, or take iodine and done with it. What are sulphur springs? For particulars enquire of Mrs. Squeers, who, good soul knew how to deliver the article "highly concentrated."

Travelling is very well for those who like it. Commend us, however, to the true warm weather comfort, ease and quiet—the genuine hot weather bliss—the *dolce far niente*. When the thermometer is at ninety-eight in the shade—when the spatterings and belchings of the steam-engine start the evaporation from your body like a smoking pitcher of ice water—when the steamboat paddles disturb a glassy sea, which reflects back the deadening heat of a burning sun—then, we say, give us quiet, and spare the trouble of moving about to encounter such disagreeables. [N. B. Provided the writer of this *should* get a chance to go into the country, all the above goes for nothing.]

The military are now all gone—the country troops back to their homes, and the citizens to their houses. The streets no more resound with the clatter of the hoofs of squadrons of horse, and the rattling drum and ear-piercing fife no more disturb the city. Matters are resuming their business train again, as far as this, the most inactive season of the year, will admit, and no one who did not read the papers could suspect that a riot ever had occurred here. Even in Southwark the marks of dilapidation are already nearly obliterated. Wherever putty, paint, glass, or a fresh panel can hide the marks of the slugs and balls, the some marks of rough handling—the tin spouts are drilled through and through here and there, and some door steps show signs of battery; but in a very little while it will require some previous knowledge to show the enquirer where *were* the evidences of the fearful doings of that Sabbath night.

In the political world all is measurably quiet. The parties are girding themselves for the coming contest, but the rallying cries of the partisan leaders fall on rather deaf ears, and the admiration points of the political newspaper squibs and leaders cease to attract people's eyes during the summer solstice. In our local municipal arrangements there are symptoms of a desire to agitate the propriety of a change, which shall consolidate the city and county under one government—to some extent, if not completely. This is a matter that—once fairly broached—will excite a great deal of discussion. So many interests and feelings are to be consulted in any disturbance of our present regulations and boundaries, that any attempt at change will involve some very nice questions.

In the literary world the publishers begin to show some tokens of activity, partly in view of the Fall trade, and partly from incidental causes. Our newspaper literary department has to-day the postponements of two or three weeks to carry, and therefore is unusually full.

The general features of this day's sheet will, we think, be much more agreeable to the general reader than was the aspect of the two last papers. The great absorbing theme of those two weeks has passed away. More evidence has been given before the examining magistrates; but nothing which would throw any new light upon the disturbances of which, we believe, we have given a full and impartial history. The authorities are proceeding with commendable diligence and activity in ferreting out, and apprehending those concerned. Performance of their duty now, will prevent trouble hereafter; our county and municipal officers, aided by the sentiment and voice of the people, are making such efforts that we have no misgivings as to the issue.

A pleasant chapter of gossip from the old world will be found in our Bristol correspondent's letter. The political intelligence by the last arrival is of next to no consequence whatever—the commercial advices are of an encouraging character.

THE MORMONS.

Affairs are stated to have settled down into comparative quiet, in the vicinity of the Mormon country. The Mormons themselves have no disposition for aggression, for whatever they may have been hitherto, their spirit is now broken; so that if any difficulty does occur, it must originate with their enemies. There was an immense concourse of people in attendance upon the last rites to the Prophet and his murdered companions, but no disorder, and no apparent sign of any disposition or desire to avenge their deaths. The burial places of the two Smiths is kept a secret, in order to avoid any danger of their being disturbed or removed. The box in which the coffin of Smith was brought to Nauvoo has been sawed into strips, and distributed for walking canes to the prominent among the faithful.

The mantle of the Prophet, it is stated, will probably fall upon Dr. Richards, a leading member of the community. He is a Massachusetts Yankee, and is said to be an able man. The widow of the deceased founder of this singular sect, it is stated, holds a testamentary expression of the desire of the prophet relative to a successor. That desire, we think will prove *law*; for if Smith was almost worshipped before, he will be quite worshipped now. Driving him out of Ohio and out of Mississippi founded the city of Nauvoo. Killing him in the brutal manner in which he was massacred may yet found not merely a Mormon city, but a Mormon state or nation.

BORN TO BE HANGED.

A boy was observed very busy in arranging something on a sidewalk in New Haven, and on going to the spot it was discovered that he had been placing a quantity of three-quarter inch tacks on the pavement, with the heads down and the points up, in order that barefooted children might run them in their feet. If that boy was not born to be hanged, there is no faith to be put in omens.

THE OLD WORLD.

Intelligence by the Hibernia, at Boston, represents cotton as fully an eighth of a penny a pound higher than at the last previous advices, and the demand as well sustained. Some of the London editors do not appear to like the quantities in which American provisions and other articles are finding their way into Great Britain. The London Morning Post says:

"It will not escape observation, that the Americans continue to pour in their farming produce upon us. We have, in the list of the Prince Albert's cargo, 1,554 packages of lard, 1,508 packages of cheese, and 540 packages of cured beef, all of them commodities that may be supplied by our own people, in the most ample abundance and perfection. We have also a further importation of clocks, chairs, brooms, and biscuits, so that, while thousands of poor people are roaming about the country in search of employment, many of whom have been deprived of it in consequence of the sinking condition of our native agriculture, the Americans have the privilege of serving us not only in the capacity of butchers, bakers, cheesemongers, and the like, upon a large scale, but of becoming our clock, broom, and chairmakers. The contents of 1,150 packages of merchandise, of which no particulars are given, may be believed to comprehend a variety of things, the importation of which, from foreign countries, interferes directly with English industry."

In Parliamentary or State matters there is little of anything to record. The Ministers appeared averse to pressing measures to a decision, as the session was drawing to an adjournment. The repeal rent in Ireland kept up to the high sum it took upon the conviction of Mr. O'Connell. The Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland have appointed Sunday, the 28th instant, as a day of fasting and humiliation.

Among the deaths announced we notice that of Campbell, the poet, and of Geoffry St. Hilaire, whose reputation stood so high in the scientific world.

The steamer Manchester, Captain Dudley, was lost off the mouth of the Elbe, on the 17th June. Her passengers, six in number, and her crew and cargo were lost.

Incendiarism prevailed to a frightful extent in the agricultural counties of England. In Suffolk alone, there have been 131 fires since Christmas.

The news from the continent is not of much importance. From the East we learn that Lord Ellenborough was preparing to subjugate still more of that country; and from Africa we hear that the Moroccian army, without the approval of their superiors, had made a most treacherous attack upon the French troops, while a treaty was pending. The Moroccians were met with terrible slaughter, while of the French troops, but a very small number fell. For items of miscellaneous news the reader is referred to our correspondence.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

Dr. Culbertson's Paper Mill, at Chambersburg, Pa., was blown down by a tornado, on Friday, the 19th instant. It was a large five story building, and the details of the accident are frightful.

There were nineteen persons in the mill at the time it fell; all were taken out alive, but some of them so dreadfully injured as to leave no hope of their recovery. Dr. E. Culbertson is very severely injured. When he was first discovered, he was hanging by the feet, which had been caught among the timber. It was a considerable time before he could be taken from his perilous situation, on account of the difficulty of getting to him, and the heavy weight of timber resting on his feet. He screamed frightfully, and begged of those around him to cut off his legs and save him from the horrible agony he was suffering; his ancle bone is fractured, and he is bruised very much, but not considered dangerous. John Culbertson, another son of Dr. C., was considerably injured. He was much bruised about the body—not dangerous. Another son of Mr. Reid, quite a child, had his skull fractured. He was got out, also, by the females. It was heart sickening to hear the poor child beg of the doctors to save his life. His case is considered bad. Philip Craver and Michal Craver, [illegible] shoulder has been fractured, and some of his ribs also, besides other severe injuries. The son was discovered hanging by the hand, which had been caught by the timber; he suffered dreadfully—the flesh of his hand very much torn. His head was badly hurt, either by his falling, or by the timber falling on him; he suffered dreadfully, as it was a considerable time before he could be got down. He hung, as did also Dr. F. Culbertson, above the stone wall which forms the first story of the mill at the west end. He tried hard to get his knife out of his pocket to cut off the hand by which he hung. He is not considered dangerously hurt.

CHANCE FOR THE LAWYERS.

Our readers are aware that there are two Mexican steamers in New York, undergoing repairs. The New York Express mentions that the Commander of the Mexican steamer Gaudaloupe has been arrested and held to bail in the sum of $1,000, upon the complaint of one of the seamen on board and in the Mexican service. The arrest was for false imprisonment—the complaint of the seaman being, that he was detained against his will. It is further said, that the complainant was a Texan, found bearing arms against Mexico, and that he was permitted to go unpunished upon condition that he would enlist in the Mexican Navy. The seaman now claims the protection of our Courts, in order that he may escape the service of Mexico.

With all deference for our neighbors in Gotham, we do not see what reasonable pretext could be found for the Captain's arrest. If the man complaining is a Texan, he certainly has no right to assistance from the United States. If he is a citizen of the United States taken in arms against Mexico, he has as little. If he was a British subject, applying to British authorities, there might be opportunity to assert the old dogma: "once a subject always a subject;" but in the case as it stands, we do not see that any thing can be done for him. However, the New Yorkers have their own way of doing things.

CAPE MAY.

This fashionable resort for our citizens has never been more popular than this summer; and the company is certainly superior to that of any former year. Many private cottages were put up there, this spring, while the hotels and boarding houses increased their accommodations. Yet notwithstanding all, the Island is thronged. The obliging hosts of the Atlantic, Miller's, and Ludlam's, continue, however, to satisfy their guests, and, to judge of the hearty laugh and healthy faces of those who return, all are contented. A visit to the capes is better than a windfall of fortune, in way of enlivening the spirits. Those who have not yet gone should make haste and depart. Let them take the Robert Morris, Captain Douglass—the swiftest boat on the river—and in six or seven hours they will find themselves on the Island, with the cool sea-breeze blowing about them, and the roar of the surf to lull them to sleep. What more can they desire?

FREE PUBLIC BATHS.

Mayor Harper, of New York, has made a communication to the Common Council of that city, in which he recommends the establishment of Free Public Baths, on a large scale, on some site near the Park. The Republic well remarks in relation to such an enterprise: "Public convenience out of view, economy is alone ample consideration to induce the city government to adopt this measure on a scale corresponding with the population and wealth of our city. It would more than repay the outlay it required, by the promotion of cleanliness, and consequently of health, among the destitute, and thereby save to our dispensaries, hospitals, and other establishments of like character, more than would cover all the attendant expenses."

A CHURCH STRUCK.

In a severe thunder storm on Sunday week, during the afternoon service, the Presbyterian church, near the village of Liberty, in Sullivan county, N. Y., was struck by lightning, which knocked down some ten or twelve of the congregation. None were killed on the spot, but Mr. Henry Burr was so badly hurt that his life is despaired of, and a Mr. Young was so seriously burned that he is in great danger. Most of the others were also seriously burned and otherwise injured, but it is believed not fatally. The interior of the church was much shattered.

NEW YORK STATISTICS.

There is a great deal, as the old woman said, to be done with a dish-kettle. So there is a great deal to be done with a City Directory—and a great deal to be learned from it. We learn from the New York Directory, for instance, how changing is the population of that great city, and how often the people rambling mood, take new residences. Last year's Directory would hardly serve as a guide through Gotham now, if we may judge from the number of changes thus stated:

Names expunged,	19,144
Names added,	20,305
Removals,	17,040
Total number of alterations,	56,489

Of course these fifty-six thousand, and odd changes refer to the heads of families, and when we recollect how many members and dependents follow the heads, the changes will seem greater still. The following statistics from the same authority, will be interesting:

The number of foreign consuls in the city is 47; Banks, 32, with a total capital of $27,480,600; Insurance Companies, 71, total capital, $20,597,034; of these, 18 are Marine Insurance Companies, total capital, $3,574,517—47 are Fire Insurance Companies, total capital, $9,922,517; and 6 are Life and Trust Companies, total capital, $8,000,000. The number of Churches is 193, which are classed as follows:—African, 8, Baptist, 22, Congregational, 5, Dutch Reformed, 19, Friends, 4, Jewish, 6, Lutheran, 3, Methodist Episcopal, 22, Associate Methodist Protestant, 1, Presbyterian, 27, Reformed Presbyterian, 3, Associate Reformed Presbyterian, 2, Associate Presbyterian, 2, Protestant Episcopal, 30, Roman Catholic, 15, Unitarian, 5, Universalists, 4, Welsh, 4, Miscellaneous, 16. Number of Ministers, 201; Schools connected with the churches, 10; Moral and Religious Societies, 39; Periodicals, 46; Newspapers 63; Lines of Packets, 98.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

Letters from Rio de Janeiro give an account of a steamboat explosion, which compares, in terrible consequences, with some of the most frightful in our own country. The boat was just starting upon a pleasure excursion with a party of 300 ladies and gentlemen. Among them were several Americans, all of whom escaped without injury. The letter states that the boat had just pushed from her moorings, when the boiler burst with a most awful explosion. "The vessel was a complete wreck. The mutilated remains of the dead, and the bodies of the injured were gathered as soon as possible, and removed to a neighboring hospital; some with the loss of a limb, some dreadfully scalded, and upon numbering them, it was found there were eighty-six wounded in the house, besides those removed to private dwellings. There were fifty-two ascertained to have been killed, and several persons are missing yet. Seven or eight have died since, and I am informed there are as many as twenty who are pronounced incurable, and will probably linger in agony for several days. The number of wounded who are still living, as far as ascertained, is about sixty-five. This is the first accident of the kind which has ever occurred here, and has caused great excitement."

THE MEXICAN INDEMNITY.

The instalment of the indemnity due the United States from Mexico remains unpaid; and it is said in a letter from an officer on board the Potomac, now at Pensacola, that the money is withheld by Santa Ana, on account of the annexation treaty. It is said that in the event of an actual annexation—or, as some well informed people believe, during the pendency of efforts on the part of our Government to effect it, the Mexican President is determined to pay no more instalments of the indemnity. He is said to found his refusal on the plea, that as the occurrence of war between two nations abrogates all treaty stipulations that may have previously been binding on either; and, the Mexican Government having solemnly proclaimed to the world that she will consider the fact of annexation as a virtual declaration of war against her by the United vernment, by negotiation or otherwise, to bring about an annexation, as assuming a belligerent attitude towards her; she, therefore, deems herself fully justified in suspending the fulfilment of her treaty obligations to us, until we put an end to the "*quasi* war," which she alleges our Government is waging against her.

WESTERN CROPS.

The Vicksburg Constitutionalist speaks in the following terms of the disasters by the late floods at the West:

"In the interior the crops are generally good—*in all the valley regions* they are seriously injured, or totally destroyed, and there are but few plantations indeed entirely exempt from injury by the flood. Where the levees were unbroken, the back water has destroyed from one-fourth to three-fourths of the hopes and prospects. We have not heard of any plantation on the rivers or bayous for many miles above and below as wholly free from damage. Some estimates have been attempted of the destruction. None can be made with anything like certainty: but twenty millions of dollars would assuredly not cover the loss of property and crops, from the falls of the Missouri to the Gulf. Some well-informed persons, who have seen much of the ruins, do not hesitate to name a much larger sum, and the work of desolation is yet going on. The water here has fallen very little. The last reported rise above has not reached us."

The same editor says that he has seen several estimates of the destruction of the cotton crop in all the submerged country. The general belief is, that it will be 450,000 bales, or nearly one-fifth of the whole crop of the United States.

THE FIRST FIRE.

Capt. Hill, of the City Guards, gave on Thursday of last week, a statement relative to the riot in Southwark. His testimony corroborates, principally, the facts already disclosed by previous witnesses. From his evidence, it appears that he was knocked down by a brick, which struck him in the back of the head, and that while lying down he gave the order to fire, and upon recovering his feet almost immediately, he saw General Cadwalader, who, he thinks, gave the orders to fire at the same time—at the moment he was struck, a pistol or gun was discharged, the shot from which killed the young man, Dougherty, who was standing near the captain—no firing had taken place yet by any of the military to his knowledge. He states that neither officers nor men had any kind of liquor to drink on the occasion; that he did not strike any one with his sword, but only motioned it for the mob to disperse; two men attempted to wrest it from him or to break it, at which time two of his men charged bayonets upon them, and then gave way and some of the mob fell back.

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

A letter published in the Boston Mercantile Journal, written on board the U. S. ship Saratoga, relates the following terrible incident:

"I have now a very sad, a horrible thing to relate—an accident which happened about two hours ago. The captain's gig was just rounding to by our quarter, when the coxswain, by straining upon the tiller too hard, broke it, and he fell overboard. At the cry of 'man overboard,' I jumped up on deck, and saw him rise and swim towards the ship. In a few seconds more he suddenly disappeared under water—the fins and tail of a huge shark were then raised above, and splashing for a few moments only, left the surface again clear! I saw nothing but a crimson stain of blood, and a hat floating at a short distance. Not a cry was uttered, it was so sudden. Again the splashing of the shark occurred—another was seen to seize the hat—the boats reached the spot, but too late—scores of fish were leaping about for the torn pieces of the poor sailor. The captain and many others were spectators of the whole dreadful scene, and yet we could render no assistance."

SOUND DOCTRINE.

A boy aged fifteen was recently convicted and heavily punished for breaking a bough from a tree in a public garden in London. The sitting magistrates, in passing sentence on the offender, took occasion to use the following strong and sensible language: "That although the damage in this particular instance was small, yet the practice of breaking trees occasioned great damage, and the inhabitants of the different squares were put annually to great expense, in consequence of these depredations. Persons had no more right to take a branch from one of these trees, than they had to go into one of the houses and steal a piece of plate."

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

By a recent arrival we have an official letter, addressed by the Mexican Cabinet to the Foreign Ministers in that country, in relation to the annexation of Texas. The document takes warm ground against it, and repeats the declaration that the ratification of the Treaty would be regarded as a declaration of war by the United States.

Santa Ana, it is said, still intends to resume the war with Texas, and invade the country with a large force. Nothing had as yet been done by Congress in relation to the requisite supplies.

A desperate action had taken place near the Ponto Trace, between a party of Texans, fourteen in number, and from fifty to seventy-five Indians. Almost all the Texans were wounded slightly, but only one was killed and two were dangerously wounded. Twenty-three of the Indians were killed, and as many more wounded. The Indians were armed with spears and arrows—the Texans, so close was the fight used pistols. It was a most desperate border fight.

THE WESTERN BEATEN.

On Saturday the Great Western went to sea from New York. As the new iron steamer Legare, was all ready for sea, with her stores and coal on board, the occasion was taken to try her speed against the British steamer. At 3h. 38m. the Legare started from the Battery under bare poles; the Great Western being about three-quarters of a mile ahead, running before a fair wind, with five of her principal sails set. At forty minutes passed four, the Legare passed the Great Western, and at five minutes past five, one hour and twenty-seven minutes after leaving the Battery, was abreast of Sandy Hook Light House, leaving the Great Western half a mile astern, the Legare not carrying an inch of canvass during the whole run. This speed seems to promise well for the success of the propeller in sea-going steamers.

ST. DOMINGO.

Advices from the Spanish part of this Island have been received to the 11th of July. A Spaniard, a white man, had been elected President. That part of the Island was tranquil, though an attack was apprehended from the Haytiens, for which the Domicans were well prepared.

Latest advices from Hayti are via Jamaica. All was quiet at Port au Prince by the last accounts. There are in Kingston eleven hundred Haytien refugees, including Boyer and Gerarde, two ex-Presidents. Many more of the Haytien fugitives were in other parts of the Island, and it was presumed that a large number of them would not attempt to return to Hayti. Those with any money certainly would not; but the greater part of them were in distress for the means of subsistence.

POLICE.

The Charleston Mercury in a single sentence well describes what a proper police should be. It says:—"The true government for a city, is an active and efficient police; a sentinel whose eyes never close, whose arms are everywhere, who takes roguery in the inception and riot in the bud." This is the true doctrine. To reach its performance it is necessary that the laws should be strictly enforced, and that the agents for their execution should be so protected and defended that their official character shall be *respected*. When the contest becomes one of mere physical strength between an officer and the party arrested, order is at an end; and if there is any crime against the peace which should be rigorously visited, it is resistance of an officer.

A BUSY JUDGE.

It is stated that since the induction into office of Recorder Baldwin, of the Second municipality, New Orleans, he has had before him, and adjudicated the cases of twenty-five thousand, eight hundred and eighty-seven persons. He has been in office eight years, and this [illegible] sixty-two per week. Giving the judge six working days to each week, his average daily job has been to pass upon about a dozen cases. The number of cases has greatly fallen off since 1837, in which and the two following years the number of cases were most numerous. This is a pretty good argument in favor of the improvement of the character of New Orleans.

THE JERSEY ENCAMPMENT.

Some of our military spectacle loving readers will thank us for remembering them of the grand military encampment at Princeton, N. J. which commences on the 30th inst., to be held four days. The military companies in all parts of New Jersey, and many in Pennsylvania and New York, are preparing to be there. The great parade and review will come of on the 1st of August, under the command of General Godwin, in presence of the Governor of New Jersey, General Scott, U. S. Army; Mayors of New York, Newark, Princeton and Philadelphia; Generals from New York, Albany, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and other places. It will be one of the most splendid military parades ever held in New Jersey.

MARSHALL COLLEGE.

We are happy to learn that the prospects of Marshall College promise well for the future. It is situated in Mercersburg, Franklin county Pa.—a most delightful and romantic country, and with its other advantages unite most salubrious air and scenery. On the 28th of August the foundation of a new Ionic structure, 55 feet by 40 will be laid. The building is to be erected for the use of the Goethean Literary Society of the college, and the day selected is the anniversary of the distinguished German, from which the society takes its name. David Paul Browne Esq., of this city will deliver the address. A trip to Mercersburg—a delightful jaunt at any time, will be doubly so on this occasion.

A GOOD POSITIOI.

The Montreal Times states, as a fact, the following illustration of Yankee ingenuity. At several points along the boundary which divides a portion of the States of New York and Vermont, from Lower Canada, Yankees have opened or established stores, which, as we should say, of neither side politicians, are right on the fence—or, in other words, they are built one half on the American side and the other half on the Canadian. In the Canadian half they keep and sell such articles as are subject to an American tariff, and vice versa. In the American side they store all the goods upon which the Canadians impose a tax.

SHARP WORK.

It is a pity that a little custom house expedition cannot be infused into the post office. The New York Sun reports that on the arrival of the steamship Caledonia at Boston, on the first of June last, the whole of her cargo was landed, and her manifest signed, and returned to Liverpool by the steamship Britannia, which left at twelve o'clock on the same morning. All the goods which passed through Adams & Co's Boston Package Express Office, were forwarded by them to all parts of the South and West, at four P. M. same day. They entered, passed the customs, and delivered goods from Liverpool, in New York, in thirteen days.

A MOTHER'S FEARS.

A young man belonging to Detroit, was killed on board a canal boat near Rochester, recently, by the accidental discharge of his own rifle. In stooping to pass a bridge, it is supposed that the lock caught in some part of his clothes, and when he rose up the piece went off, sending the ball directly through his head, entering just above the eye and scattering portions of the brain in various directions. Notwithstanding the severity of the wound, the unfortunate man lived three hours. In his pocket was a letter from his mother, with this caution: "*Silas, be very careful of your gun.*"

NEW BUILDINGS.

Permits have already been issued by the Philadelphia city authorities for the erection of 337 new buildings this season. This is 105 more than last season to this date—and fifty more than were issued for the whole season. It is to be remembered also, that this statement refers to the city alone, and does not include the adjoining districts, where similar activity is shown.

A GREAT BIRD.

The North American states that a gentleman of this city, recently returned from Europe, has brought with him a canary bird, the gift of a friend, which distinctly sings two airs—the Hunters' Chorus in Der Freischutz and a Waltz of Beethoven's. This wonderful little cantatrice was instructed by a blind flute player, and one of its other accomplishments is said to be beating time with its feet while singing. It is a pity the bird cannot sing Old Dan Tucker, Dandy Jim, Lucy Neal, or "It wouldn't do to give it up so, Mr. Brown." All music except that, and such as that, is now at a discount.

A HARD CASE.

Mr. Thomas N. Benton, of Boone county, Missouri, has been confined for about a year in the jail at Louisville, Kentucky, charged with the murder of Peter Peterson. His trial commenced on the 5th inst., and he was acquitted. The proof of his innocence was overwhelming, whilst the ground on which he was arrested was of the most flimsy character. Now who is to make this man reparation for a year of false imprisonment? The commonwealth of Missouri is justly responsible for the delay in the administration of justice which has done so great a wrong to a citizen.

WOOL AT THE WEST.

The St. Louis Gazette makes a prophecy that wool will, in a few years, be a great staple at the West. Farmers are busily attending to the subject. Messrs. Eno & Bowers, of Island Grove, Sangamon county, Illinois, have just returned from Pennsylvania, where they have purchased a flock of 3,000 sheep, in addition to the number they already have on their farms, and that it is their intention to engage very extensively in raising wool for exportation to the East. There is no reason in nature why the New World should not be entirely independent of the Old.

A CURIOUS THEFT.

The New York papers are laughing over a truly curious theft. The new Collector of that District had directed applicants for office to send him notes instead of personally boring him. These notes had accumulated in an incredibly short space of time to a bushel, more or less, and were left, as yet unaudited, in the private office of the Collector. Thence, some thief has abstracted them—a funny theft enough. What can the man do with them? Probably the Collector will not offer more than a thousand dollars reward for their recovery.

A BATTLE AT LAST.

The ship Delaware, Guthrie, at New York, from Rio Grande, reports that news had reached Rio of an engagement having taken place at Buenos Ayres on the 1st June. The Montevideans attacked the Buenos Ayreans out of the city; but the result of the contest had not reached Rio previous to the sailing of the Delaware. A year or two ago there was some talk on the part of the French of compelling these two republics to desist from a wasting war. What has become of this interposition?

LOUISIANA ELECTION.

The members of Congress elect from Louisiana, are: John Slidell, Dem.; B. G. Thidebaux, Whig; and John B. Dawson, and Isaac E. Morse, both Democrats. The Whigs have a small majority in the House, the Democrats a majority of one in the Senate. Mr. Morse, Dem., elected to Congress, is now a State Senator. Should he accept and go to Congress, it is stated that his place will probably be supplied by a Whig, giving that party a majority in both branches.

THE LOST SHIP.

Another vessel load of human beings has gone—to be seen no more, until the sea gives up its dead. All hopes appear to be lost for the safety of the Bremen ship Johannes bound for Baltimore. She left Bremen on the 22nd of March, under the command of Capt. Dierkes, a crew of fourteen, and has never since been heard from. She is no doubt, lost with all on board. The crew belonged to Bremen and its vicinity.

A DECISION.

The city of Bridgeport, Conn., issued bonds to aid in the construction of the Housatonic Railroad. Payment of these bonds being delayed, the holders levied on the private property of citizens. A case, to test the validity of the seizure, has been carried up to the Supreme Court of the State, and the decision is in favor of the claimants—thus affirming the principle that private property of citizens is liable for municipal debts.

MURDER TALE SPOILED.

Some of the New York Penny-a-liners have last week doled forth the horrible murder of a Mrs. Donaldson, at Hoboken, with extraordinary circumstances of cruelty and brutality. When others of the "press gang" went over from the city for "further particulars," they found the woman industriously occupied at her wash tub. Of course she would not own that she was dead, even to save the credit of the newspapers.

CURIOUS FACT.

In a City Directory published by Mr. Doggett, in New York, a curious table is given. It contains a long list of surnames which have the same or very similar pronunciation, but different orthography, illustrating the fact, that *twelve hundred and fifty-nine surnames are generally pronounced in only five hundred and twenty-two different ways.*

COM. DALLAS.

Indirect advices from Panama, to the 8th, received via Jamaica, represent that Com. Dallas was lying very ill at Callao and was not expected to recover. This is painful intelligence, but the recent news from the Pacific Squadron direct, in which no mention is made of any illness, leads us to doubt the rumor.

YALE COLLEGE.

The annual commencement of this institution takes place on the 13th of August. The Hon. Willis Hall, of Albany, N. Y., is to be the orator, and George H. Colton, Esq., of New Haven, the poet of the occasion. Candidates for admission to College can be examined on Monday and Tuesday, the 12th and 13th.

U. S. STOCK.

The holders of U. S. Stock of 1841, are advised by the Secretary of the Treasury, that this stock, which falls due on the 31st of December, will be redeemed at any time previous, with interest, from July 1st, on presentation at the Bank of America, the Bank of Commerce, or the Merchants' Bank, New York.

WILLIAM PENN.

We hear it spoken of in several quarters, as expedient to celebrate the 14th of October next, the birth day of Wm. Penn, in this city. The plan strikes us as a good one. Who knows that the celebration of that day may not pour oil on the bickerings now—or rather late—so troublesome?

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Mons. I. J. Hellert, a French engineer, passed through Jamaica recently on his way to superintend the canal that is in contemplation to be cut through the Isthmus of Panama. We hope this canal, *when completed*, will not play Mississippi with Central America.

DELAWARE DIVISION.

The Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal will be offered for sale, at the Exchange, in this city, on the fifth day of August next—according to the terms of the act of the last session.

Army & Navy.

☞ The iron steamboat Hunter, now in course of construction at Pittsburg, for Lieut. McLaughlin, of the U. S. Navy, is nearly ready for launching. The Pittsburg American pronounces her a beautiful model, and says that the workmanship on her will challenge comparison with any vessel of the kind yet built in Europe or America.

☞ An iron revenue cutter to be called the Spencer, is building at West Point, N. Y. She is to be propelled on the plan of Lieut. Hunter.

☞ The following vessels of war, composing the Home Squadron, are now lying at Pensacola: The frigate Potomac, Capt. Newell, flag ship; the ship Vincennes, Captain Buchanan; the brig Somers, Commander Gerry; the steamer Union, Lieut. Commandant H. H. Bell. The whole squadron, the Pensacola Gazette says, are ready for sea, and will sail in a few days for the north, to spend the summer. The steamer Poinsett went to sea on the 16th from Pensacola.

☞ Captains Bell and May, of the United States Army, arrived at Washington, (Texas) on the 26th ult. from Fort Jessup. The Vindicator says: "It is understood that they have communications from Gen. Taylor, now in command of the southwestern Division of the United States forces, touching the instruction lately published from the War Department of the United States."

☞ The Pensacola Gazette of the 13th inst. says Capt. J. G. Williams, of the U. S. Marine Corps, who was lately tried at the Navy Yard by a Marine Court Martial, was acquitted of all the charges and specifications, and an order has been received restoring him to duty at the yard.

☞ U. States ship Saratoga sailed from St. Thomas, Africa, for Gaboon, and thence to Cape de Verde Islands, May 25th, officers and crew all well—had had most of the ship's company down with the fever, but had all recovered. The commodore had gone to Madeira.

☞ The U. S. ship Falmouth, Commander Sands, sailed from Norfolk on Friday week for Vera Cruz, with the Hon. Wilson R. Shannon, our Minister to Mexico.

☞ The United States frigate Constitution was at Fayal on the 20th of June, eighteen days from New York, with the Hon. Henry A. Wise and family.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, July 2nd, 1844.

Since the Emperor of Russia sailed from these Island shores, very few events of moment have transpired in high life. It must not be forgotten that the ladies of the English Court are somewhat jealous of the Honorable Miss Barrington, who was seen by the Emperor at the Duke of Devonshire's grand *fete* at Chiswick, and pronounced by his Imperial Majesty to be one of the most lovely women he had ever seen. Of course all the other Court beauties are in a fever. *On-dit* that the *Count de Trepani* is to marry the Queen of Spain. The Count is brother to the King of Naples—but I think the rumor of his marriage with the Peninsular Queen, is a very doubtful matter. The King of Hanover was 74 years old on the 5th ult; and he has created a new order, the "Ernest Augustus Cross"—for the officers of his army. A very grand Fancy Ball is on the *tapis* in London, to be called the Waverly Ball—at which all the costumes are to be in illustration of the characters and writings of Sir Walter Scott. It will be patronized by the elite of the land, and it is hoped that enough money will be received to complete the superb Scott monument. Lady Emily Hardinge, and indeed, all the family of the new Governor General of India, intend leaving for our Asiatic dominions in a few days. Lord Francis Egerton is about to be created Duke of Bridgewater; and Dowager Lady Glenlyon, sister to the Duke of Northumberland, and well known in the fashionable world, died a few days since.

Neither is there any thing new in fashions; but a Paris letter says, in describing morning dress—"Redingote Amazon, with sleeves *a la religeuse*, or tight, and very long, with a manchette visible underneath." In evening dress with long falling plumes, or a bouquet of moss roses."

Mr. Laing has recently published some very valuable statistics, in which he states that the annual income of the English people is £310,000,000; and that the exports (declared value) of English manufactures, have increased within the last fifteen years, from £35,000,000 to £50,000,000. The United Kingdom owns 21,983 ships, with a tonnage of 2,724,104. Since 1820, upwards of £60,000,000 of British capital invested in foreign loans, &c. As you are well aware, on your side of the Atlantic—much, very much of this sum never was repaid, and I fear never will be. I must clear my note book of the fry of small things. The official returns of the minerals of Cornwall, for last year, show that the copper raised was worth £897,558—tin and lead £501,709—arsenic 800 tons. American oysters are regularly imported into Liverpool and London. They are quite the rage. One Manuel Collar, is now living at Madrid, aged 136 years! Mr. M. Mason is about to construct an aerial machine, to steer in any direction, at a cost of £3,000. Balfe, the composer, is about to produce a new opera at Drury Lane. The census of Bavaria, shows a population in that kingdom, of 4,440,329. At Yeovil, a few days since, Mr. William Lymes, who had prophesied for twenty years, the day of his death, died at the very period marked by the prediction! Three youths, charged at Northwich, with felony, ascribed the commission of their crimes to having read Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," &c. Gretna Green averages nearly 500 runaway marriages per annum. Crockford, the gambler, died, worth £350,000, *at least*. It is all left to his wife. There's a matrimonial prize, for you! In Germany, they are using grape seeds for coffee. H. B. M. sloop "Wanderer," has just arrived at Portsmouth, with one million more of the Chinese subsidy. The City of London Conservative Association dined 1,040 guests in Covent Garden Theatre, on Wednesday. In the will of the late Marquis of Hastings, the following passage occurs:—"If it should please Almighty God to take the whole of my children to himself, I trust my sovereign will confer the title on my eldest sister, to perpetuate my long line of ancestors." The "Antigone" of Sophocles, has been produced at the Odeon Theatre, Paris, with great success. Mrs. Gore's prize comedy of "Quid pro Quo," is only tolerably successful. This is a pity—her novels are among the best of the day. There has been a horrible murder at Gort, Ireland, one Peter Larkin having butchered his two sons and a daughter—besides attempting the murder of his wife. He was a pensioner, and described as a man noted for a ferocious disposition. At Newtown, Roscommon, Patrick Hughes, a pensioner, was basely murdered in his own house, by an armed party of ruffians, whose motive for the sanguinary deed is not known. The Carlist Chief, El Groe, has been taken and shot, at Maestrazo, Spain. Lord Heytesbury is to succeed Earl de Grey, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The cotton manufacturers are rioting in Silesia and Bohemia. The Galties Mountains, in Ireland, have been on fire for several days, presenting a grand appearance. Several moors and mosses are on fire, in England and Scotland, owing to the long continuance of dry weather. The drama, in England, is at the lowest possible ebb. Parliament will finish its session during the present month. There are 8,348 cab and omnibus drivers in London. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean (Ellen Tree) have retired for the summer, to Kean's estate, in Hants. Lloyd's returns show an annual loss by wreck, to England, of 610 ships, £2,000,000 worth of property, and 1,500 lives. The coal fields of England cover 4,900,000 acres—those of France 692,000. There have been seven ministries of Spain within a year! Dickens ("Boz,") is in Italy. Louis Philippe paid the recent exhibition of Arts and Manufactures in Paris, as many as six royal visits! The Scottish Free Church refuses contributions from your Southern States. The King of Saxony pays regular visits to Billingsgate and Covent Garden Markets. Corporal punishment is to be re-introduced into the Anglo-Indian army. Taglioni is about to retire from the stage to a villa on the Lago di Como. Dr. McNeill, an eminent railway engineer, has been knighted by the Queen. A very proper award of honor. The survivor in a recent fatal duel in Belgium, has been sentenced to five years imprisonment, and the two seconds to three years each. Vienna has a population of 375,834.

The handsomest Jewish Synagogue in the world, is about to be erected in London—Sir Moses Montefiore contributes £5,000. The great Polish Ball, in London, on Monday week, was attended by 1,300 persons—profits £700. The Crown Prince of Denmark has been rambling through the Scottish Highlands, with which he seems delighted. The funeral of M. Lafitte, in Paris, was followed by a procession extending nearly three miles. A tailor of Paris threw himself from one of the towers of Notre Dame, on Monday last, and was killed. At Brest, on the 18th ult., a Protestant clergyman stepped between two duellists at the moment they were about to fire, prevented their crime, and reconciled the cause of quarrel. Baron Rothschild has withdrawn his donations of one hundred thousand florins to aid in building of a new Synagogue at Frankfort, because the Consistory of Frankfort wished to introduce certain forms which the Baron could not agree to—but, at the same time, he invested two hundred thousand florins in the public funds, the interest to go to the poor of Frankfort for ever.

At Liverpool, last week, 250 sail of vessels arrived in three days! Louis Philippe has given a grand royal *fete* at Versailles, to the manufacturers who exposed goods at the National Exhibition of Arts. Thirty-six thousand persons die annually in England and Wales of consumption. At Pontalier, France, in 1813, a wealthy young man married a poor girl in a hurry, to escape the conscription. He never saw her before or after this hasty marriage. But now being old and poor, she sued him about a month ago for a maintanence, and the Court compelled this singular husband to allow her a handsome income. The Duke of Rutland has made 1,000 cottage garden allotments for the poor, which are let at a very low rent. On the 20th ult., Grace Devitt died at Erris, aged 122 years! Her youngest child is 80 years old! A cast iron light-house is in progress by Cottam & Hallen, iron founders, London. It is one hundred and thirty-seven feet high, and is to be sent out to the Bermuda Islands. Iron houses and streets are being constantly sent to the colonies. A superb statue of Lord Byron, by Thorwaldsen, meant for Westminster Abbey several years ago, but refused by the Deans of the Chapter—has been stolen from the London Custom House cellars! The executors of the sculptor have brought an action for £30,000 against the London Customs—that sum being the alleged value of this great work of art. The late Madame Lenormand, the renowned prophetess of Paris, commenced her career of imposture in 1793, in company with Madame Gilbert and M. Flammermost. She followed her deceitful profession for 41 years, down to her death—even then leaving many foolish predictions behind her—having felt, as it were, the ruling passion strong in death. At Netherton, last week, there was a procession of 112 old men, each above 70 years of age. They then sat down to a village feast, the oldest man, aged 98, presiding, being led to the chair by two young men bearing flags, with this inscription:—"Young men—honor old age!"

Local Intelligence.

RELIEF FUND.

The amount received for the soldiers injured in the Southwark Riot, and for the families of those who were killed, amounts now to about ten thousand dollars. It is earnestly desired that it may much exceed that sum; not merely as an act of justice to the sufferers, though that were reason enough,—but also as an expression of public sentiment. Men who peril their lives in support of the laws *must* be dealt justly by, if we would have the laws defended.

Among other contributions ten dollars have been received from New York, and fifty from Boston. The latter came in a letter to Gen. Cadwalader—from whom cannot be told, as it is simply subscribed, "Law and Order." The letter contained praise, not less strong than deserved, of the volunteer corps, not only as the defenders of Law and Order in Philadelphia, but its champions for every city and State, which is a broad and just view of the case. Every patriot has an interest in the suppression of the mob spirit, no matter in what part of the country it breaks out; for every patriot desires that the efficiency of a republican government should be vindicated and proved.

THE BOSTON GRAYS.

This company, after partaking of the most liberal and gentlemanly hospitality of their Baltimore friends, returned to this city on Tuesday, on their way home. No military company has ever visited the city which has elicited more praise than this fine corps. The music they brought with them, the Boston Brass Band, has come in for its share of praise. It is one of the best bands of music in the world.

☞ The following arrests were made on Thursday week: Hudson Greenleaf, charged with being engaged in the late riots in Southwark. He was required to find $4,000 bail. William House was also arrested and held in $1,000 to answer a similar charge.

James Sweeny, charged with being in the Southwark riot on Sunday, throwing stones, &c. Committed.

Daniel Kane, same charge, was also committed.

James Coffee, on similar charge, was held to bail in the sum of $1,000.

W. A. Morrel, for being in the crowd and using improper language, was held in $500 to keep the peace.

S. W. McKinley was held to bail to keep the peace in the sum of $1,500. He was present at the firing of the cannon, and expressed his gratification at the fatal results of its discharge.

The Permanent Bridge over the Schuylkill is well travelled. The following is an authentic account of the amount of travelling over the Permanent Bridge in the space of twenty-four hours—from Friday 3 o'clock P. M. to the same hour on Saturday, to wit:—Foot passengers, 2,967; persons in vehicles, 3,046; market waggons, 1,020; milk waggons, 450; pleasure carriages, 267; omnibusses, 19; cabs, 13; carts, 166; horsemen, 126; horned cattle, 75; sheep, 23; horses in harness, 3,992; horses in droves, 30; furniture cars, 57; heavy teams, 53; vehicles not particularized, 196;—Total 12,502. Allowing three cents for each, which would be a pretty fair average, it would amount to $375 09.

☞ Mr. Wm. McGarvey, a grocer of Southwark, one of the persons found in the church of St. Philip de Neri, when the Sheriff entered, has been held to bail in $500 by Judge Jones to answer the charge of participating in an unlawful assemblage. The Judge remarked that he would bind over for this offence, and leave it to the defendant to show the authority on which he was in the church, and by what legal permission the arms were also there deposited. He also held the defendant in the same to keep the peace.

☞ On Saturday, a man, named Charles Burgis, was brought before Mayor Scott, and committed in default of $5,000 bail, charged with being one of the gang who rescued Dick Manly from the grasp of the police, at the time officer Beck received his death wound. He is said to be the person who gave notice to Dick's companions at the den where the officers first seized him. He has been roaming about, eluding the vigilance of justice for some time.

Sea Line to New York.—The steam schooner "Ashland," Capt. Mason, constructed with Ericsson propellers, on Loper's improvement, and designed to ply between this city and New York by sea, as a passenger and freight boat, was tried on Monday in the Delaware, passing up and down in front of our city. She appeared to work well, and to be admirably adapted to the trade for which she is designed.

☞ A man named Edward Virtue, was fully committed for trial in default of $2,000 bail by Alderman McKinley on Friday evening, on a charge of perjury, in swearing falsely against an individual as being concerned in the late riots.

Capt. Scott.—We are pleased to say that Capt. R. K. Scott, wounded by a musket ball on the night of the 7th, in Southwark, is so far recovered as to be able to walk about his room. The swelling having gone down, the location of the ball has been ascertained to be in the fleshy part of the back, near the shoulder—a position more favorable than was expected.

New Artillery Corps.—The Enquirer states that the Dock Ward "Citizen Guard," is now organizing as an Artillery Corps, under the name of "City Artillery." The officers are—Kenderton Smith, Captain; H. Binney, jr. First Lieutenant; Edward Armstrong, Second do; John Barncastle, 2nd Second do; James Logan Third do.

Opposition.—The steamboat Hudson, Capt. Devoe, left the city on Monday with a full load of passengers, for Baltimore, via the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal. This is in pursuance of an arrangement made with the line formed recently in opposition to the regular line to Baltimore.

Fire.—On Monday morning, about 12 o'clock, a stable and sheds, with three horses and two carriages, belonging to Charles Hassey, color manufacturer, situate near the junction of Germantown Road and Fourth street, were destroyed by fire. The work of an incendiary.

☞ Franklin Peale, Chief Coiner of the Mint of the United States, has presented to the National Institute a complete series of the National medals of the United States struck in bronze from the dies preserved in the Mint.

☞ Between three and four hundred emigrants have arrived at this port this week, in the ships Champlain and Monongahela, from Liverpool. The bulk of the passengers in the latter vessel were English.

Mad Dog.—On Sunday morning a black setter dog, supposed to be mad, was shot on the Roxborough Turnpike, about ten miles above the city, by a Mr. Rex. The dog is supposed to have run from the city.

☞ Mr. Malory of the brig Rebecca, just arrived from the Mediterranean, has made the Messrs. McMakin, South Warves, a present of a living Chameleon, believed to be the only one in the country.

☞ The Board of Brokers of this City have contributed $100 towards the relief of the families of the killed and wounded volunteers. Each member, besides, contributed to the fund.

☞ The Hope Hose of this city, on a visit to New York, were received on landing, and escorted by some dozen of the New York companies, and most hospitably entertained.

☞ Thomas Kelly was held to bail to keed the peace, by the Mayor, on Saturday, on the charge of using threatening language, immediately after the Kensington riots.

Kensington Rioters.—On account of the difficulty in procuring the attendance of witnesses, the Kensington riot cases have been continued to the next term.

Troops.—All the country troops have left the city. The Wayne Artillery still remain quartered at Moyamensing prison.

☞ Counterfeit ten dollar notes of the Western Bank of this city, admirably executed, are in circulation.

Notices of the Dead.

Dr. Grant.—A rumor of the death of Dr. Grant, the Missionary to the Nestorians, which we had hoped untrue, is confirmed in the New York Commercial Advertiser. That paper says: "We regret to say, that from information communicated to us, there is little room to doubt the death of Dr. Grant, at Mosul, early in June. We have conversed with a gentleman who read a letter, brought by the last steamer, written by the medical attendant of Dr. Grant, and addressed to a friend of the Doctor's, then in London. It announced that Dr. Grant was severely ill for about two weeks, and that during most of the time he was not sensible of what was passing around him. Through the greater part of his illness he appeared to imagine himself engaged in preaching to the Nestorians."

Dr. Olmstead.—The New Haven Herald announces the death of Francis Allyn Olmstead, eldest son of Prof. Olmstead. He graduated at Yale College in the class of 1839, and in the recent Medical Class of 1844. Soon after completing his academic education, with the hope of gaining a firmer state of health, he took a voyage to the Pacific Ocean, as a passenger in a whaling ship, the adventures of which he published on his return, in a volume, entitled "Incidents of a Whaling Voyage." He since passed the greater part of a year at the Connecticut Retreat for the Insane, in the capacity of Assistant Physician.

Death of a Pioneer.—The Cincinnati Gazette says: "The early settlers are fast passing away. Joseph Williams, late Ellmore Williams, died on his farm, aged 84, on the 13th inst. He laid the first brick in Cincinnati. For the last thirty-six years he has resided on his farm, in Mill Creek, where he died as he had lived, at peace with man and God."

☞ Tully R. Wise, Esq., First Auditor of the Treasury, died in Washington City, on the 22d instant.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The American Home Missionary Society employs 907 home missionaries, which are scattered all over the United States. The following statistics from the report before us may be interesting to our readers. Of the 907 ministers in service, 670 were in commission at the date of the last report, and 237 have been since appointed. The fields of their labor are in twenty-six different States and territories of the Union, in Canada and in Texas, distributed as follows, viz:—In Maine, 75, New Hampshire 42, Vermont 30, Massachusetts 64, Rhode Island, 5, Connecticut, 42, New York 201, New Jersey 10, Pennsylvania 44, Delaware 2, Maryland, 2, Virginia 2, Georgia 1, Alabama 1, Kentucky 3, Tennessee 4, Ohio 91, Indiana 36, Illinois 87, Missouri 21, Arkansas 1, Michigan 63, Wisconsin 30, Iowa, 29, District of Columbia 1, Canada 7, and Texas 1. The balance in the Treasury, April 15, 1843, was $2,859 02; the receipts of the succeeding twelve months have been $101,904 99—making the resources of the year $103,494 01.

Wall Street Church, New York.—The workmen are making great progress in taking down this church. The interior, pews and windows have already disappeared, and a beginning made upon the stone work. The church, we understand, has been sold to go to New Jersey, where it is again to be put up. This church has been rebuilt since the great fire, and the congregation are now erecting another in the upper part of the city.

☞ The corner stone of the West Kensington Baptist Church was laid on Monday afternoon in the memorable Third Ward, near the corner of Second and Franklin streets. Several eloquent addresses were delivered, which were listened to with much attention by a large and highly respectable concourse of persons.

☞ Doctor Coble has resigned the pastoral charge of St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, preparatory to his removal to Alabama, of which diocese he has been elected P. E. Bishop. The Vestry unanimously invited Mr. Richard Wilmer, of Virginia, to be his successor.

☞ At a late commencement of the Western University of Pennsylvania, the degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Clarke Huston, minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Cullybackey, county Antrim, Ireland.

☞ The children of the Brooklyn Common Schools, numbering over 2,000, had a celebration and procession on Friday of last week. The sight was a most imposing one, and the ceremonies of the most interesting description.

☞ Bowdoin Street Church, Boston, have voted to invite Rev. James W. Alexander, D. D., Professor in Princeton College, New Jersey, to become their pastor.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jos. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for August*, is ichly embellished. "The Spring of the Valley," is a weet picture, admirably engraved; and intended to illusrate a story of Mrs. Dunlap, which we have transferred our columns this week. The other embellishments re a fashion plate, and the new Hungarian dance, "La olka." This is a capital picture. It represents a light rial being, going through the dance with a huge fat fellow who is puffing and staring most amusingly. We hall be surprised if this is not the most popular picture any in the Magazines for the month. The literary ontents of this number are from such writers as Mrs. sgood, Peirson, Ellet, &c. Mrs. Stephens begins, in his number, what promises to be a splendid historical rmance, alone worth twice the subscription price. The prominent characters are the widow of Edward the First, er daughter the Lady Elizabeth, and King Richard the hird. Mr. Peterson publishes his Magazine for *two dllars*, and it is quite up to the three dollar books and ven more adapted to the sex. The U. S. Gazette and N.Y. Tribune speak of it as follows:

> If any of our readers intend to take a jaunt into the country, we advise, as a pleasant light literature companion, the number for August of 'The Ladies' National Magazine.' Mr. Peterson has bestowed his best abilities upon it, and we are sure that after this is read, a continuance of the pleasure will be sought in succeeding numbers. The best of our female writers have lent their aid to add to its interest, and the art of the graver has spread fair embellishments, full of pleasant greeting to the eye. One especially is admirable—a fair young girl is floating through the mazes of the Polka with a partner who has no 1 resemblance to Jack Falstaff, and is stamping upon the ground in all the elegance supposed to be possessed of by an elephant, when he moves with unwonted agility upon hot plates."—*U. S. Gazette.*

"THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for August, is before us—one of the best numbers of the work we have seen. It is truly a *Ladies'* Magazine, being edited in good part by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, while Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mrs. F. S. Osgood, Mrs. L. J. Peirson, and other popular female writers are regular contributors. The present number has an interesting notice of Mrs. L. J. Peirson's Life and Poems, which we shall copy."—*New York Tribune.*

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT is finished. The concluding parts of Harpers', Lea & Blanchard's, and the New World editions, are to be had at *Zieber's*, and at *Robinson & Peterson's*. Parts of the work are most admirable—unexcelled in pathos, rich in humor, keen in delineation of character, bitter in sarcasm, or terrible in description of crime and remorse. But as a foil to these, we have much most intolerable sleepiness and weak verbosity in places, and some of the most desperate defiance of the rules of English Grammar that author ever ventured upon. In this particular, the few last portions of the work contain slovenly and egregious offences for which a school-boy would be summarily trounced. The end was most evidently not seen by the author at the commencement, for the several characters are huddled into the closing scenes, outraging all nature, all probability, and all reasonable expectation; like the muster of the characters in the last scene of a twenty-fifth rate farce, or the last tableau of a Christmas pantomime. The plot is most dimly threaded and puerile—the episode of a visit to this country is as cumbersome and unsightly as a wart on the nose—a wart which, however, is lost sight of in the terribly disgusting polypus, to which we must liken Sairey Gamp, and her associates and adjuncts. Altogether we are compelled to say, that Mr. Dickens has shown enough of his graphic power in certain passages of this book, to make his friends heartily ashamed of the work as a whole, and of the author for having written it. The "Christmas Carol," beside "Martin Chuzzlewit," is as a gem to a pudding stone.

Complete editions of this work have been published by Lea & Blanchard, with illustrations, on tinted paper; by Harper & Brothers, with illustrations, and also by the New World press. The next work of Mr. D. will probably have a new description of subject, as he is now on a jaunt to the continent.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HEINRICH STILLING. *Translated from the German, by S. Jackson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson, and Carey & Hart.*—John Henry Jung, afterward called Stilling, died in 1817, at Carlsruhe, at the ripe old age of seventy-seven. This work was originally published by the author in 1777, under the title of Heinrich Stilling's *Jugend, Junglingsjarhe und Wanderschaft*, (Childood, Youthful Years, and Wanderings.) The assumed ame, Heinrich Stilling, when the author became known, ok the place, particularly in the literary world, of his wn, and as the author had too much simplicity of character and sincere honesty and modesty, to suspect that e should ever be a personal object of interest; and as he ad no definite intention, at first, of making the book pubc, the self-portrait is drawn with a truth and fidelity rare autobiography. The work has been a great many mes republished in Germany, and is at once one of the ost delightful and excellent among the German classics. his translation, made in 1835, is one of the best translaons from the German into English ever made. Its unaffected simplicity reminds the reader of Robinson Crusoe; ut it has been remarked, that while De Foe's work gives fiction all the life and force of fact, Stilling gives to act all the interest of fiction. It is a remarkable and ost interesting work; and we rejoice to see it put in a rm which cannot fail to give it a wide circulation.

THE MIRROR LIBRARY. *New York: Morris & Willis. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* No. twenty-seven ontains the Hebrew Melodies of Lord Byron, and the arred Poems of Mrs. Hemans. No. twenty-eight is a ook and delightful book—a complete edition of Mr. Willis's Pencillings by the Way—the pleasantest book f travel and observation which has been written during his century. This, by the way, as we have already aid, is the first complete edition. Collections of these letters have been published in England, containing those letters only, which the publishers could readily get at. Here is the complete series, got out under the author's wn eye, and introduced by a preface, which gives a double value to the work. The objections originally made by the critics and hypercritics, are met, and the carpings of some of the latter are most ingeniously and wittily repointed and returned to the issuers.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE AND LADY'S BOOK. *August* 1844.—The embellishments of this number are three—one a sweet picture by Chapman, engraved by Tucker—subject, "The Farmer's Boy, returning from the Mill." The next is The Light Guitar, engraved by Dick; and the third, Washington Crossing the Delaware, embossed by Levett. The Centre Table, No. XI., by Miss Leslie, is a capital satire upon cheap parties. Burton's Leap Year is a pleasant story. Mr. Arthur has a good domestic sketch,—as indeed all his sketches are good and practical. We have verse from Miss Gould and Mrs. Hale, The Poor Scholar, and others of tuneful mood, and a goodly variety of tales and sketches, principally contributed by female pens. One of the stories of the number, Mrs. Annan's, will be found upon our outside.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS ON CHRISTIAN MORALS. *By John Foster. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.*—The author of these essays is well known in this country by the essays on "Decision of Character," and on "Popular Ignorance," both of which have been widely read, and we believe, have been extremely useful. The essays in this volume were originally delivered as lectures in Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, England, in 1822-25. They embrace a great variety of subjects, experimental and practical. With brief and pregnant sentences from Scripture as their mottoes, they enforce the truths deducible therefrom in a concise and earnest style.

COLUMBIAN LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.—The August number of this work is illustrated by a mezzotint by Doney, "Charlemagne and Hildegarde," and a picture by H. Inman, from one of Retzch's outlines, "Caliban Prospero, and Miranda," engraved by Sharp. The capabilities for contrast in the three figures are well improved, the details finished, and the picture is, altogether, one of the best that has appeared in this magazine. The reading matter presents a goodly array of interesting papers from a great number of pens, and on subjects as various as the writers. It is an excellent number. Robinson & Peterson, and Zieber & Co.

FAMOUS MEN OF ANCIENT TIMES. *By the Author of Peter Parley's Tales. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.*—This work forms volume second of Peter Parley's Cabinet Library. The whole series is beautifully printed, and liberally illustrated; and its plan is so comprehensive that the twenty volumes will give the attentive reader more of the elements of general information than many men possess. The style, like that of all Parley's works, is attractive; and a better series than this cannot possibly be placed in the hands of youth.

THE WORKS OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. *New York: M. W. Dodd. Philadelphia: Sanderson & Blakiston.* This is a large and beautiful octavo, printed in double columns, and numbered volume one. A second volume is to be added, and a third, should the writings of the author occupy so much space. The volume is prefaced with a short introduction by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Charlotte Elizabeth is the wife of an English clergyman. She has too many readers in this country, from the thousands of her works which have been sold in single small volumes, to need any particular description of the character of her writings from us. Almost all her works—we dare say *all*—are strongly marked with her zealous condemnation of the Roman Catholic Church. This volume will be most acceptable to her large circle of readers in this country.

THE WANDERING JEW. *By Eugene Sue. Translated by Henry W. Herbert.*—This is a work based on the popular tradition of the Wandering Jew, who reviled he Saviour upon the Cross, and is reported to have been wandering ever since, and witnessing the changes of eighteen centuries. The immense scope which such a subject gives to the peculiar talents of Sue, will be readily imagined; and in the first numbers, now before the public, the curiosity of the reading world has been whetted to absolute anxiety. It is received in this city by Zieber & Co., and by Robinson & Peterson.

LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. *New York: Burgess & Stringer. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.* This part, the fifth, concludes the prose and includes the verse of the late lamented author. He has bequeathed us enough to make us the more deeply regret his untimely demise, while yet he had simply proved his capacity as a mover of the heart, or a provoker of innocent mirth, as the humor was on. This collection will, of course, find a place in every gentleman's library, as an ornament to American literature.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.—No. 6 of this work has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, by *Cowperthwaite* and by *Robinson & Peterson*. It concludes the book of Leviticus, and commences Numbers. This is a part of the work in which there is less opportunity for illustration than in almost any other; yet the engraver has found some excellent subjects; and the clean and beautiful type and paper would form attractions of themselves, placing this work among the most elegant which have ever issued from the press.

THE SPOON. *By Habl. O. Westman. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, Robinson & Peterson, and Zieber & Co.* This purports to be the first memoir submitted to the "Society of Literary and Scientific Chiffoniers." The design, so far as we can comprehend it, appears to be to connect the history of important events with common implements. It is managed with some wit, and more humor; and is embellished with an abundance of illustrations.

THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. *Parts VIII. and IX. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—Number VIII. treats principally of fevers, having articles from the editors, Drs. Forbes, Tweedie, Conolly and Dunglisson, and Drs. Cheque, Marshall, Brown, Joy, Lee and Gilkrest. No. IX. extends to the article Heart. With every successive number the excellence of the work becomes more apparent; and it will prove one of the most valuable of our medical standards.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. *Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D.* The number of this thick Quarterly, for July, contains the usual great amount and variety of contemporary medical facts and valuable experience. In all particulars, this is one of the most complete and valuable medical periodicals in the world, and its value to the medical man cannot be too highly estimated.

BLACKWOOD for July, the fac simile reprint has been received by Zieber & Co. Among the contents we notice a commencement of a translation of Poems and Ballads of Goethe—probably by the same hand that furnished Schiller. The other papers are of the same order and character of talent and sentiment which has always distinguished Blackwood.

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS. *Harper & Brothers.*—No. VI. of this work has been published, and is embellished with a portrait of Stephen Charnock, B. D. Two more numbers will complete the two octavo volumes in which this neat and convenient edition appears. It is received here by Zieber & Co., Carey & Hart, and by Robinson & Peterson.

ALIDA, OR TOWN AND COUNTRY. *By the author of Allan Prescott. New York: Langley. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This is a very neatly printed work, worthy in its mechanical execution of the character of the story. It is a simple and excellent tale; calculated to exert a good and healthy influence, and amend the heart, while it interests the head.

FREDERIKA BREMER.—Harpers' have published, and Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson have received, a collection of the shorter stories of Miss Bremer; including the H—— Family; Trallinnan; Axel and Anna; Comforter; Solitary, and others. They are Mary Howitt's translations.

SHAKSPEARE.—Nos. 16 and 17 of Hewitt's Illustrated edition of Shakspeare bring the plays down to Romeo and Juliet. We are gratified to find, as an evidence of the public taste, that this work is liberally encouraged. Robinson & Peterson, and Zieber & Co. have it.

ADDRESS TO YOUNGER MEMBERS OF RELIGIOUS FAMILIES. *By Rev. S. R. Allow. Mentz & Rovoust* have sent us a little work by this title, re-published from the English edition. It is an earnest appeal in behalf of early piety.

MEDICAL BULLETIN.—The Bulletin of Medical Science, for July, published by Barrington & Haswell, has been received. It is edited by John Bell, M. D., and published in monthly numbers.

☞ The "Wandering Jew," part first, has been sent us by *Colon & Adriance.*

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The little town of Beverly, Mass., sends out about *sixty* fishing smacks, annually, manned by something like four hundred persons. These fishermen make one and sometimes two fares to the Grand Banks, and the remainder of the year they work at their trade as *shoemakers*. Scarcely a fisherman goes out of Beverly that is not a shoemaker.

☞ We learn from the New Orleans Picayune that the Court of Errors and Appeals, on the 13th inst., granted a new trial to I. C. Hornsby, convicted of the manslaughter of D. H. Twogood. The ground upon which the new trial is granted is, that the jury had been permitted to separate during the previous trial.

☞ The Cincinnati Commercial says: "People cannot be too careful about taking counterfeit Indiana Fives. We learn that our police get hold of a large lot lately, which was about to be put in circulation—the engraving is coarse and they are variously numbered, some payable at Indianapolis, and some at Madison."

☞ At La Grange, Geo., on the 12th inst., while Messrs. Haralson and Stokes were out, transacting some business, their office was entered by some villian, and robbed of a pocket book, which contained between fourteen and fifteen hundred dollars in cash, and about eight thousand dollars in notes.

☞ The railroad cars from Buffalo to Rochester, ran off the track between Attica and Alexander, on Wednesday week. A wheel of one of the cars broke, the car fell over and carried with it the baggage car. There were forty persons in the passenger car, but no one was injured, save slightly.

☞ The True Sun says that Philo S. Rust, Esq., of Syracuse, will not claim the $7,300 damages assessed by a jury, in the case of Rust vs. Webb, for libel. Mr. Rust is satisfied with the justice done to his character by the verdict, and honorably and liberally declines receiving the money.

☞ The barn of Mr. Daniel Heller, innkeeper, in Boyerstown, Berks county, was totally destroyed by accidentally catching fire on Sunday night of last week. A crop of ten tons of new hay, one hundred bushels of new oats, and a large stock of barn materials, were entirely consumed.

☞ The Schenectady, N. Y. Cabinet says that the Wheat crop in that vicinity will prove a total failure. From the success of last year large quantities of wheat had been sown, especially in the county of Schoharie, but scarce a kernel will be saved, so great has been the ravages of the fly.

☞ Gideon Manchester, of Tiverton, R. I., has been committed to take his trial for the murder of his wife, she having unaccountably disappeared in the month of August last, and no trace of her having been discovered since that time, when she left her mother's house to meet her husband.

☞ A pawnbroker named Adolphus, a witness at the late trial of Polly Bodine, in New York, swore that he did not know a man in Germany named *Gortz*. It is alleged that this is the name by which Adolphus passed in that country, and on that ground he has been arrested for perjury.

☞ The Reading Press says the farmers of that vicinity are pretty well through with their harvest. The crops have not been as good as some anticipated, nor as bad as others feared—that is, a pretty fair average.

☞ The wheat crops in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Missouri, are said to be much heavier than the usual average. The corn crops not so good.

☞ The flood on the Osage River, has done much mischief to the Ottowa Indians. It is said other tribes have also suffered, as their huts and patches of cultivation were generally found along the margins of the principal water courses, and have, consequently been inundated.

☞ The Court House at Montreal was destroyed by fire on Thursday week. The fire is believed to have been accidental, occasioned by the negligence of workmen employed in repairing the building. All the records and papers of value were fortunately preserved.

☞ One of the Stacks at the large establishment at Danville, Penn., was blown into on the 8th inst. On the 16th instant they were making six tons four hundred pounds of No. 1 iron at a cast, every twelve hours. The other Stack will be set in operation shortly.

☞ The Bunker Hill Aurora states that the important negociation which has been going on between our Government and that of Great Britain, respecting the transit of the English mails, designed for her provinces through the United States, has been concluded.

☞ The Vicksburg Whig publishes a census of that city, which was taken by order of the Mayor, in April last, according to which, the aggregate population is 3,653, of whom 1,097 are slaves. The valuation of real and personal property is $2,192,000.

☞ The interior of Ohio has been visited with destructive freshets. The streams of water in Preble and Green counties were very much swollen, on the 5th and 6th inst., by heavy rains, and great injury was done to milldams, bridges, roads, crops, &c.

☞ The dwelling house of Mr. John Hunberf, near the Stone Road, in Carroll county, Md., was consumed by fire on Friday week. In addition to the furniture of the house, about $600 in money was consumed—the hard earnings of years of toil and labor.

☞ The tolls received on all the New York State Canals, were—To the 14th of July, 1844, being the first eighty-nine days of navigation, $992,917; to the 14th of July, 1843, being the first seventy-five days of navigation, $719,570; increase, $273,347.

☞ Of twenty-seven to thirty millions of kilogrammes of salt used every year in Paris, two-thirds are said to be adulterated. The substances used are earth, saltpetre, sulphate of soda, sulphate of lime or plaster, and water, to add to the weight.

☞ Mrs. Barger, of Peterville, Maryland, about eighteen months ago, was safely delivered of three fine children, and the same lady, last month, presented her husband with four healthy children at a birth. Seven children in eighteen months.

☞ Final arrangements have been made with a body of competent engineers to carry into immediate effect the contemplated survey of a Railroad from the Province line in Stanstead to Montreal, and a beginning will be made soon.

☞ Mr. George F. Leitch, of Skaneateles, has purchased about 130,000 pounds of wool the present season at prices varying from 35 to 43 cents per pound. This is in advance of from 10 to 15 cents per pound on last years prices.

☞ Col. S. W. Oakey, one of the inspectors of elections at New Orleans, recently arrested for alleged frauds upon electors, has, after examination, been held to bail in $11,000 ($1,000 on each charge,) to answer in the Criminal Court.

☞ The Jefferson (Mo.) Republican, of the 6th inst., says there will be an abundant crop of wheat, oats, and corn, in the interior of that State, but that the recent flood has destroyed a considerable portion of the hemp and tobacco crops.

☞ The first railroad constructed in the United States was the Quincy railroad, nearly three miles in length, and leading from the wharf at the mouth of the Neponset river, to the Bunker Hill Quarry. It was built in 1826.

☞ But one white person died in Charleston during the last week. This indicates a remarkable state of healthfulness in that city. Indeed the whole country appears to be particularly favored in this respect this season.

☞ One of the Boston Grays, at Baltimore, gave a good toast:—"The fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence—the heaviest fifty-six in the world—all Europe could not lift it." Very well said.

☞ The population of the City of Buffalo, N. Y., is now over 30,000 souls. In 1840 the population was but little over 18,000. The increase since that time is about 12,000, or 66 per cent. in four years.

☞ It is stated that the whole inhabitants of the earth discharge annually from their lungs 107,000,000 tons of water; a quantity which if collected together, would form a sphere nearly 2,000 feet in diameter.

☞ The commencement of Delaware College was held on Wednesday week. Orations by twelve graduates, and an address by the Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D. D., of Brooklyn, New York, were delivered.

☞ A cedar shingle was put up on the barn of Ensign Abel Bliss, of Wilbraham, in May, 1740, and taken off by his grandson, John Bliss, July 9, 1844—making it 104 years old, and yet but little rotten.

☞ The machinery for the cotton factory of A. Meirer & Co., of St. Louis, has been received by them. Their factory will be the first of the kind ever put into operation west of the Mississippi.

☞ The depot house of the Long Island Railroad, at Hicksville, was consumed by fire on Friday week, together with one of the splendid passenger cars, intended for the new Boston line.

☞ The first iron steamer contracted for in Massachusetts, is now nearly ready to be launched at South Boston, made by a contract of the United States Government with Cyrus Alger & Co.

☞ The receipts at the New York Custom House on Monday, were upwards of $231,000 or $56,000 more than were ever received on any one day since the formation of the government.

☞ The Jew's Synagogue in Cincinnati, was entered by some miscreant, on Friday night of last week, and robbed of two charity boxes. The amount of money they contained is not known.

☞ Professor E. Loomis, late of Western Reserve College, (Ohio,) has been elected Professor of Mathematics, &c., in the University of New York, in place of B. F. Joslin, resigned.

☞ The extensive rolling mill and nail factory of Mr. Pratt, in Cumberland county, a short distance above Harrisburg, were totally destroyed on Saturday morning, by fire.

☞ At the late commencement of Delaware College, the honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Eliakim Phelps, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Mr. Lewis, of New York.

☞ The steamship Great Western went to sea from New York on Saturday, with sixty passengers, for Liverpool, and one of the largest mails that ever was taken out.

☞ Real estate, belonging to the assets of the old United States Bank, and the Bank of Buffalo, was sold at Buffalo on Thursday week, to the amount of $53,350.

☞ The Grand Lodge of the I. O. of O. F. of N. J., are making preparations for their celebration, which is to take place on the 31st inst. at Trenton.

☞ The New York Republican states that eight hundred and thirty-two steerage passengers arrived at that port, during one morning last week.

☞ By Lloyd's returns, it appears that the annual loss to Great Britain, by shipwreck, is 610 ships, £2,000,000 of property, and 1,500 lives.

☞ A wealthy man named Lyman Kendall, has been sentenced in Ohio to three years' imprisonment, for robbing the Cleveland Bank.

☞ Ole Bull is creating a great sensation at Quebec. The people are music mad, and applauded his performances vehemently.

☞ Three boys have been arrested in New York, for the robbing a new house belonging to Edwin Forrest, tragedian, of door knobs, latches, &c.

☞ Theophilus Fisk, formerly editor of the Old Dominion, has been selected as bearer of despatches to our Minister at Prussia.

☞ John McDaniel and James Brown, lying under sentence of death at St. Louis, have again been reprieved till Aug. 16.

☞ Another large new brig, something like 800 tons burthen, is now nearly ready for launching at Buffalo.

☞ The coal fields of Great Britain are calculated to cover 4,900,000 acres, those of France only 692,000 acres.

☞ It is supposed that 600,000 newspapers pass through the London General Post Office every week.

☞ Gen. Darcy, of Essex, New Jersey, has declined being considered as a candidate for Governor.

☞ The Court House of Kent county, Michigan, was recently destroyed by fire. It cost $5,000.

☞ The Commencement of Yale College takes place on the 15th of next month.

☞ A rabid dog was killed in Hamilton street, New York, on Sunday.

☞ There were 2,500 visitors at Saratoga last week.

General News.

LYNCHING IN MISSISSIPPI.—A case of lynching lately occurred at Panola, Miss. A laborer in the employment of a clergyman in Holmes county, stole from his employer a negro man, two or three horses, and his two daughters, one about twelve and the other ten years of age. He was caught near Helena, on his way to Arkansas or Texas, where he and the negro intended to make wives of their little captives. By terrible threats they had prevented the young girls from giving any alarm. After the men had been caught, fearing, as was said, that they would escape, the people held a Lynch Court, and sentenced each to one hundred lashes. They were stripped, and the negro had forty and the white man thirty, when it appeared that they were pretty badly cut up, and the remainder were withheld. The victims were then sent to Holmes county, under a large escort.

UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCES.—Edwin Bouldin, a member of the Independent Light Dragoons, of Baltimore, son of Mr. A. J. Bouldin, and nephew of Col. Bouldin, commander of the company, was thrown from his horse, and so severely wounded, that he is since dead. He was about joining the parade to receive the Boston Grays. He was buried with military honors. The son of one of the members of the Grays was so injured by being crushed by a vessel in Boston, last week, that he is since dead. It is remarkable that this is the second child of the same father who has died while his parent was absent on a military excursion.

LOSS OF THE BRITISH STEAMER TAY.—Capt. Benthal, of the brig Midas at Baltimore on Monday, in the short run of *six* days from Havana, reports that the U. S. brig Lawrence arrived at Havana the evening before he sailed, bringing intelligence of the probable loss of the British Royal Mail Steampacket Tay, which vessel went ashore on Colorada Reef, on the 8th inst. She was from England, with the mail and passengers, bound to the West Indies and Mexico. Immediately upon hearing of the news, assistance was despatched by the authorities at Havana.

LOSS OF THE BRIG EMILY, OF PHILADELPHIA.—Capt. Churchill, of schr. Octavia, who arrived last week from Cuba, reports July 19th, lat. 36 10, lon. 74 36, was boarded by a boat from the schr. Chariot, from Elethuera, bound to Boston, out 7 days, having on board the captain and crew of the brig Emily, of Philadelphia, from St. Jago de Cuba, bound to Philadelphia, wrecked on Watling's Island, on the 9th of June. Vessel and cargo a total loss. The captain and crew took passage on board the schooner Chariot, Capt. Atwood, at Nassau, N. P.

VIOLENT TORNADO.—A violent hurricane passed over Pinegrove, Schuylkill county, Pa., on Saturday evening week, which did considerable damage. The force of the storm was so great that it unroofed barns, stables, and dwellings, and prostrated nearly every thing in its path, such as trees, fences, &c. The storm concluded with a shower of hail stones, some of which were of a large size. A pine grove, in the immediate proximity of the Stone Church below the borough, was completely destroyed. It is said that but one or two trees remain.

A TERRIFIC STORM.—The country north of Richmond, Ia., was recently visited by a destructive storm. Forests were blown down, fields of grain destroyed, buildings blown to pieces, and much damage done. A child was blown a considerable distance and lodged in a fence, but not killed. It is stated that fifteen or twenty houses were blown down and injured, and as many farms more or less damaged. The house of Mr. Morton, near New Paris, was struck by lightning, and his daughter, aged seventeen or eighteen, killed.

☞ The Delaware County Republican says: "Our farmers have housed their wheat and oat crops, and so far as our information extends, have no cause to complain of the unfruitfulness of the season. In many cases, we may say the majority, wheat has yielded abundantly, and the oats crop is as good as in past seasons. The late refreshing rain has saved the corn and potatoes, and there is reason to believe that an average quantity of these important crops may yet be gathered."

ABDUCTION.—Recently, in England, a man named W. P. Newenham, was tried before Baron Gurney, for the abduction of Miss Frances Louisa Wortham, a ward in chancery, who is between fifteen and sixteen years old, and will have £400 a year when of age. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to two years imprisonment. If the young lady will wait for him he will yet be "all right."

SPECIE.—The imports of specie into the United States, during the year 1843, from all quarters, were $23,285,552. Of this large amount, $17,000,000 were in gold coin, and $6,000,000 in silver. The exports of specie from the United States, in the same year, were $3,613,399, which made the excess of the imports over the exports—or, in other words, made the nett increase of specie for the year—$20,167,153.

SENTENCE FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT.—P. Soule, Esq., an eloquent and distinguished member of the bar of New Orleans, was on the 11th inst. sentenced to be confined in the Parish jail twenty-four hours, and to pay a fine of one hundred dollars, for contempt of Court. The contempt consisted of abusive language used in a petition to the Court for a rehearing of a case in which Mr. S. was counsel.

POET'S CORNER.—The remains of Campbell, the poet, are to be deposited in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, near to those of Goldsmith, and, of course, not far from other great writers, whose poetry has illustrated the annals of British literature. It would appear, from the preparatory announcements in the newspapers, that his funeral is intended to be an imposing and grand affair.

THE FLANEGANS.—After three acts of the Legislature on this case, says the Pittsburg Age, Judge Rogers, of the Supreme Court, at a special Court of Oyer and Terminer, held in Cambria county, for the purpose of entertaining a motion for a new trial, has denied the motion, and the Flanegans are ordered to be executed for murder, in accordance with the sentence passed two years ago.

☞ A woman, who called herself Mary Riggs, had been living in St. Louis for several years, as wife of a man named Riggs. He removed to Cincinnati some time since, and she reached that place in pursuit of him, some few days ago. When she found him he refused to marry her or live with her any longer. She went distracted in consequence, and committed suicide by taking arsenic.

A USEFUL PLANT.—The sun-flower is perhaps destined to become one of our most valuable agricultural products. One hundred pounds of the seed afford forty pounds of oil. The refuse of the seeds after expression, furnishes an excellent food for cattle; from the leaves of the plant, cigars are manufactured of singular pectoral qualities, the stalk affords a superior alkali, and the comb of the seeds is a choice dainty for swine.

A SHOCKING MURDER.—A man named Goddard was recently murdered in the Choctaw country, by a fellow traveller named Burgess, as is supposed, for $80 or $100, which he had in his possession. The body of the murdered was dragged into the woods for some distance and burned. The murderer was not caught at the latest accounts, but had gone towards the State of Missouri.

WATER FOR BOSTON CITY.—The Boston people are looking about for a source from which they may bring water into that city. Spot Pond is thought to be the most convenient. Lake Winnipiseogee, seventy miles distant, would furnish an abundance of the best water and is one thousand feet higher than the Boston State House. But seventy miles is a long road.

☞ On Thursday week, at Boston, a very young man, a son of Ebenezer Parker, who has a tobacco store on City Wharf, while assisting some men in lifting goods, in his father's employ, suddenly remarked, "Father, I am dying," and almost immediately expired. He probably had broken a blood vessel; his father had just cautioned him against over exertion.

☞ New wheat has made its appearance in the Alton, (Ill.) market, and is generally of a good quality. The present price is fifty cents per bushel; contracts are entered into daily for its delivery at this rate. Corn is scarce, and has risen nearly 100 per cent. over former rates. It now commands forty cents per bushel—which is the current price.

☞ Last week some daring villain entered the sleeping apartment of a man and his wife, in the western part of Cincinnati, and after filling his pockets with various small articles, stole the quilt that covered the sleeping pair and decamped through the window; the man rising up just in time to see the exit of the thief with his property.

☞ The Southern parts of the Island of Cuba are yet suffering severely from the effects of the drought. Indeed, in some districts near Puerto Principe, it is stated, that not only the cattle, but even people are dying from absolute want. The ground is so completely dried up, that every hope of making a crop of any kind has been abandoned.

☞ Mr. Taylor Mason, of Saco, Me., was so badly wounded on Thursday, the 11th inst., that it is feared he will not survive. He was entering a field with a yoke of oxen and a harrow. Passing through the gate, the harrow upset, and Mr. Mason was thrown down; the harrow passing over him, and lacerating his body dreadfully.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—Henry S. Rodgers, of Baltimore, inventor of the American Telegraph, has been appointed by Professor Morse, with the concurrence of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, Assistant Superintendent of the line of Electro Magnetic Telegraph between Washington and Baltimore.

A RARE MELON.—The Charleston Courier says: "We saw, yesterday, at Mr. Chupein's soda water establishment, East Bay, a very fine specimen of a species of musk-melon, called the Quail, from the Mediterranean. It measures 23 inches in length, and 24 in circumference, and weighs 14¾ lbs."

AN ASSORTED CARGO.—The steamer Nimrod, belonging to the American Fur Company, arrived at St. Louis, on the 9th, in 16 days from the mouth of the Yellow Stone. She brought down 1,250 packs Buffalo robes, 20 packs furs, six buffaloes, an elk, a grizzly bear, and a beaver.

A DEFAULTER.—The Cashier of the Bank of Stamford, Conn., is a defaulter to the extent, it is feared, of $20,000, and has made himself scarce. The capital of the bank was originally $90,000, but the failure of a banking house in New York reduced it some years since to $60,000.

PROFITABLE PACKING.—The Vergennes Vermonter tells a story of a man who sold his clip of six hundred fleeces to a house in that town, each fleece containing from two to five pounds of sand, and each fleece carefully tied up with about sixty feet of twine.

A SLICE OF MELON.—The editors of the New Orleans Picayune acknowledge a twenty pound slice off a watermelon which weighed seventy-seven pounds, a sample of this years July crop, from Woodville, Miss.

EMIGRANTS.—There arrived from Bremen, at Baltimore, on Saturday, the ship Marianna, Capt. Wietling, with over 190 passengers.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.—Benning Mann to be Marshal of the United States for the District of Connecticut.

Latest Fashions.

Flounces are very generally worn, and on *barege* dresses they are often made very deep; silk *redingotes* are ornamented with *ruches*; black lace is more used than ever on summer dresses; sometimes three and four flounces of lace nearly cover the skirt. *Corsages* for morning wear are usually high, but open in front; some are trimmed round the top with a *bouillon* or *ruche*, or a *cola revers*.

Scollops are much in fashion, and are introduced on every thing, not only on articles of *lingerie*, but also for the trimmings of silk or other material; flounces for silk or *barege* dresses are either scolloped or edged with a narrow fringe or gimp, forming a scollop. The half-long sleeves, with tight under ones, continue very fashionable; under ones of black lace are also worn; the upper ones are sometimes so hollowed out in front as to appear short, but droop behind. The Victoria sleeves are formed of alternate bands of inlet of lace, and worked on the upper part of the sleeve, from the wrist to the arm-hole; the two edges of the inlet are trimmed with a narrow lace, put on full.

Open and fancy straw bonnets are very fashionable, ornamented with bouquets of field flowers, wreaths of ivy, wheat ears, intermixed with corn flowers, and trimmed with *paille* ribbon *lisere* with the color of the flowers. Lace also continues to be much used on bonnets. Green is a very fashionable color; *marabouts* and *aniles* are shaded in this color, and look very well on *pailles de riz*, with *gauze* ribbon shaded and *broches*. *Capotes* composed entirely of lace are lined with blue or pink gauze, ornamented with field daisies or ivy. Crape bonnets are very much worn, and, as well as *tulle*, are made in every color; many white crape bonnets are lined with pink or blue crape and trimmed with *bias* of lace.

The Maltese scarf is much approved, made either of silk, lace, tulle or embroidered muslin trimmed with lace; the *pardessus Marquise* is made of taffetas with sleeves and pelerine. Black lace shawls, China crapes richly embroidered and barege shawls also embroidered, are fashionable; and scarfs of every variety, from gauze to cachemire, which latter are in high favor at this moment.—*London and Paris Ladies Magazine of Fashion.*

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK.

Just received a supply of this celebrated Ink, and having tested it thoroughly, I am prepared to warrant it equal, if not *superior to any made in the United States*, or of the imported. ALEXANDER HARPER,

1212 Wholesale Druggist, No. 45 Market street.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS occur more frequently during the summer months than at any other period; because at this season of the year the system being debilitated, digestion is not sufficiently active to dispose of the food before it becomes putrified; hence a peculiar acid is generated in the stomach, which is the cause of those horrid diseases called Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Inflammation of the Bowels, &c.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a natural remedy, and therefore are a certain cure for all kinds of Bowel Complaints, because they cleanse the stomach and bowels from those putrid humors which are the cause of the above distressing complaints. They also aid and improve digestion and purify the blood; consequently as they remove the *cause* of every form of disease, it is absolutely impossible for them to fail in making a perfect cure of Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Inflammation of the Bowels, &c.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that all *Travelling Agents* who sell genuine, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of N. A. Coll. of Health.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston. Also, for sale by Mr. John Thompson, No. 153 Liberty St., Pittsburg.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and beware of travelling impostors.*

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1500 shares	Girard Bank,	12a13
330 do.	Wilmington R. R.	21¼a21½
45 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	25
30 do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	113a113½
9 do.	Northern Bank of Kentucky,	94a94½
$4000	Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1855,	85
$3000	State 5's, C. & P.	75
$1000	Kentucky Bonds,	102¼
$2800	Penna. 5's,	75
$4000	Lehigh 6's, 1853, flat,	41
$800	County 5s, 1860, new,	92
$750	Lehigh 6's, 1845,	40½

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Plainfield Bank, Plainfield, N. Y.—3's, spurious. Vignette, eagle on a rock. This bank has not issued any $3 bills.

Union Bank, N. Y.—100's altered from 1's. May be detected by the wording of the notes, the genuine 100's read "The Union Bank promises to pay;" the altered notes, "The Union Bank will pay."

Freeman's Bank, Bristol, R. I.—50's, 10's and 20's altered from broken Citizens' Bank, Augusta, Me. The parts altered are thinner than the other portions of the bills.

Traders' Bank, Newport, R. I.—50's, spurious. Vignette, female and an eagle.

Bank of Georgetown, Georgetown, S. C.—20's, spurious. Vignette, view of the Bank of the United States, which is not on the true bills.

Mechanics' Bank, N. Y.—3's, altered from 1's. Vignette, two figures representing manufactures and commerce. On right end arms of the State, and on left a hand holding a hammer.—*Bick. Reporter.*

Counterfeit fives, on the "Farmers' Bank of Mount Holly," N. J., are in circulation. The vignette on the spurious bills is the coat of arms of New Jersey; the genuine has a view of cattle.

Counterfeit five dollar notes on the Cumberland Bank, Maine, are in circulation.

Counterfeit twenty dollar Indiana bills said to be extremely well executed, are in circulation in the West.

Another counterfeit we learn was offered in our city, and being well executed is admirably calculated to deceive. It is on the Lebanon Bank of this State, of the denomination of $20, No. 1894, payable to Samuel Hemphill, dated December 14, 1843, signed by Thomas Wilson, Cashier, E. E. Smith, President, and printed by Underwood, Bald, Spencer & Hufty, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes—Sales of a few casks western pots at $4. *Bark*—Quercitron 1st quality No. 1 at $23,50 per ton, Spanish oak, in the rough, $9,50a10 per cord, chesnut oak $7,50. *Beeswax*—Good yellow 29a30 cts per lb. *Bread Stuffs*—Navy 3a3½ cts per lb, pilot 4a4½, crackers 4½a5 cents. *Coal*—Hollidaysburg bituminous coal 16 cents per bushel by the cargo, red and white ash, unbroken, $3,12½a3,25, broken and screened 25 cts extra. *Coffee* is without animation, the only transaction we have reported is a sale of 400 bags Laguayra at 7½c 4 mos. *Cotton*—The market since our last report has been quiet, but holders remain firm in their pretensions—a few small parcels have been taken by spinners, among which we notice uplands at 7a 8c, and Mobile's 8½c on the usual terms. *Candles*—New Bedford hydraulic spermaceti are held at 30a31 cts per lb, dipped tallow 8½a9c, mould do. 9½a10c as in size. *Fish* are dull, small sales of new mackerel are making from store at $10,50 for 1's, $8,25a8,50 for 2's, and $5,50a5,75 for 3's. *Flaxseed*—Domestic $1,48a1,50 per bushel. *Fruit*—Near 1100 boxes lemons, just received from Malaga, mostly in poor condition, sold on the wharf by auction at $1,05a1,10, some in fair order brought $1,50. Sales of 12,000 Elethuera pine apples at $5 per 100, Havana do. $10 per 100. *Flour and Meal*—There has been some stir in the market, which resulted in the sale of 4000 bbls flour, old stock, subject to reinspection—a small parcel of fresh ground brought $4,25—we quote at these rates—sales for city use are made within the range of $4a4,50, as in quality. Rye Flour—Two or three lots, in all about 500 bbls, sold at $2,75. Corn Meal—A sale of Pa. at $2,18¾. Grain—Several lots of new southern have sold on arrival at 88a90 cts for fair to prime quality, the latter rates has been refused for old Pa. in store. Rye—We hear of no sales. Corn is wanted, with but limited receipts, good southern yellow would readily command 43a44c, sales of Pa. flat at 44a45c. Oats—Sales of new southern at 23c. *Hay and Straw*—Timothy readily commands 95ca$1 per cwt, mixed 85a90 cts, rye straw $5a5,50 per 100 bundles, wheat do. $4,50a5. *Feathers*—Western 29a30 cts per lb. *Lead*—About 3500 pigs have arrived, not yet landed or sold. *Molasses*—Sales of Trinidad at 29 cts, and Porto Rico 30c on time. Cienfuegos 29a29½ cts. *Oil*—Winter sperm oil continues firm and in demand at 95 cts a$1 per gallon, bleached and unbleached elephant, best quality, 70a75 cts—whale oil 41a43 cts, do. winter 50a55, straits oil $18 per bbl of 31 gallons, bank oil $16,50, western lard oil 60a65 cents per gallon, linseed 76a77 cts. *Plaster*—Last sales $2,37½ per ton by the cargo. *Provisions*—Pork is held firmly at $9½a10, and $7½a8 for mess and prime. Hams 3½a4½ per lb for inferior, do. good 6a7, lard 6 cts, cheese 6a6½, butter 7½a10 as in quality, in kegs and half kegs. *Rags*—Country mixed $2,50a3 per 100 lbs. *Rice*—A sale for export of 70 tcs at 3½c cash and time. *Sugar*—Holders are firm, and prices well supported—sales since our last have been limited—we notice 200 boxes Matanzas browns at 7c, and about 100 hhds Porto Rico at 7a7½c on the usual credit. *Tallow*—Sales of Domestic at 6½a7 cts per lb. *Wool*—The transactions during the week have been very light at former figures. *Whiskey*—Prices steady, sales of hhds at 22½c, barrels at the same rate. *Wood*—On the wharves fronting the city—Hickory $4,50a5 per cord, seasoned oak $4a4,50, of which there is a full supply. Winter cut oak is scarce, and in demand at $3½ a4. Pine $3a4. *Mariners' Wages*—with small stores—West Indies and South America $12a13, East Indies $11, coasting $13a14, Europe $14a15.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—898 cattle arrived, viz. 648 from Ohio, and 250 from Penna., 363 head driven to New York market, the balance were sold to Philada. butchers at 4½a5c, extra 5½. Cows and Calves—275 in market—sales at $18 a23, $30a35, springers $16a25, dry cows $6a13, calves, on foot, $1,25a1,75, extra $2,50 to 3. Live weight on the Delaware 2½a2¾ cts. Hogs—472 offered—sales at 4½a 4¾. Sheep and Lambs—2160 offered—sales at $1,50a2, extra $2,50a3.

New York, July 22.—At market 1200 beef cattle, half of which were from the north. The number of cows and sheep we are unable to give, in consequence of the death of the keeper of the register. Prices—Beef cattle were poorly sustained, and we cannot quote higher than $4 to 5,75 as the price of best cattle. Cows—Sales at $16 to 29. Sheep and Lambs—$1,25a3,75 for sheep, and $1,25a2,50 for lambs. Hay—A good supply of new at 50ca62½c per cwt, and old at 75c.

Brighton, near Boston, July 15.—At market 525 head beef cattle, 2800 sheep and lambs, and about 1000 swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—Dull and poor in quality. We quote a few extra at $5—first quality $4,52a4,75, second quality $4a4,25. Sheep and Lambs—Sales made of old sheep from $1,50a2,50. Lambs from $1,50 to 2,50. Swine—A large supply at market, and prices of last week barely supported. Old hogs 4a4½, shoats 5a5½.

Richmond, July 18.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,12½ to 2,37, nett $4,50 to 5. Mutton—$1 to 3, according to quality. Veals sell from $2 to 7, according to quality. Lambs from $1 to 1,75.

Baltimore, July 19.—The offerings of beef cattle at the scales, for the week ending to-day, were upwards of 500 head—236 head of which were taken by the butchers, at prices ranging from $2 to 2,50 per 100 pounds on the hoof equal to $4a5 nett. A few head were driven north, and the remainder laid over. Hogs—Live hogs may be quoted at from $3,75 to 4 per 100 lbs nett.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK.

The subscriber has received a supply of this valuable article, which he confidently recommends to the public as the very best in the market.

It is used without a preparation, and produces a jet black and indelible impression if applied according to directions. EDWARD PARRISH,

1312 Druggist Ninth and Chesnut streets.

SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—Letters similar to the following are constantly coming in from our agents in different sections of the country:

BOSTON, April 11th, 1844.

Corner of Portland and Hanover streets.

Mr. B. B. Gumpert.—Dear Sir:—Please admit of no delay in sending us by Harnden's Express, twelve dozen of "Scarpa's Oil," as we have but one dozen on hand.

Notwithstanding we have discontinued most of our advertisements, the sale of the medicine is constantly increasing, which plainly shows that nine-tenths of all we now sell is through the recommendation of those who have used it. It is working wonders.

In haste, yours, &c., CARTER & WILSON.

For sale by B. B. GUMPERT, No. 120 North Second street, and Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 South Third street, Philada.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—As the light of science advances, discoveries are made, all of which have a tendency to alleviate the condition of man, and as the inventive power of genius knows no bound, what can stay its progress in the pathway of renown? Chemical research has in modern times greatly enriched the science of medicine; and one of the discoveries recently made will be hailed by thousands with emotions of joy; Sands's Sarsaparilla, a new vegetable preparation, will arrest and speedily cure the most inveterate class of diseases, such as Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism and White Swelling, Disease of the Joints, Salt Rheum or Tetter, Pimples and Pustules on the Face, and other Eruptions of the Skin. It purifies the blood and causes healthy secretions, invigorates the constitution, and gives stamina to the debilitated frame.

For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of agents gratis.

Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists,

79 Fulton street, New York.

HEALTH OFFICE, JULY 20, 1844.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington

From the 13th to the 20th of July.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Bladder,	1	0	Brought over,	28	75
Apoplexy,	1	0	Gun Shot Wounds,	1	0
Cancer of Liver,	1	0	Hæmorrhage,	1	0
Casualties,	1	0	——Lungs,	1	0
Croup,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	2
Congestion,	0	1	——Bronchi,	0	1
——Brain,	1	1	——Lungs,	0	1
——Lungs,	1	0	——Stomach and Bowels,	2	2
Cholera Infantum,	0	26	——Bladder,	2	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	8	3	——Peritoneum,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	8	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	2	8	Malformation of heart,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	5
——Head,	0	7	Mortification of Bowels,	0	1
——Breast,	0	2	——Leg,	1	0
Disease of Heart,	1	1	Neglect & Exposure,	0	1
Drowned,	2	2	Old Age,	3	0
Dysentery,	1	1	Palsy,	1	0
Debility,	2	5	Pleurisy,	1	0
Erysipelas,	1	0	Poisoning,	0	1
Enlargement of the Heart,	0	1	Scrofula,	1	1
Effusion on Brain,	1	1	Sore Mouth,	0	1
Fever,	0	2	Still Born,	0	5
——Bilious,	0	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
——Scarlet,	0	4	Teething,	0	1
——Typhoid,	1	0	Unknown,	1	1
Fungus Hæmatodes,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	1
Gout,	1	0			
Carried over,	28	75	Total,	145—45	100

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 15 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
July 14,	84	90	94
15,	81	81	88
16,	77	83	86
17,	70	76	80
18,	73	80	85
19,	77	83	86
20,	80	87	88

ALMANAC.

July, 1844.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
27 SATURDAY,	4 52	7 8	12 24	
28 SUNDAY,	4 53	7 7	1 10	D. H. M.
29 MONDAY,	4 54	7 6	1 58	
30 TUESDAY,	4 55	7 5	2 39	
31 WEDNESDAY,	4 56	7 4	3 20	Last 7 5 43
1 THURSDAY,	4 57	7 3	4 17	New 15 9 16
2 FRIDAY,	4 58	7 2	5 3	First 22 4 5
3 SATURDAY,	4 59	7 1	5 47	Full 29 9 28

Married,

On the 24th inst. by the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., B. C. COOPER, to ALMIRA H., daughter of Jos. Warner, Esq., all of this city.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Wm. Metcalf, Mr. JAMES NELSON, of Kensington, Pa., to Miss ELIZABETH HINDLY, late of Tildsley, Manchester, England, a passenger in the Monongahela, arrived a few days ago.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Henry D. Morton, D. D., CHARLES HARVEY, to MARY, daughter of the Right Rev. H. U. Onderdonk.

At Germantown, on the 23d inst. by the Rev. J. W. Richards, GEORGE W. WIDDIS, to Miss SARAH DENNY, formerly of Wilmington, Del.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Thos. H. Quinan, WM. HERRITAGE, to ELIZA HAINES, of Southwark.

On the 22d inst. by the same, WILLIAM MCFETTERS, to ELIZABETH WRIGHT.

On the 25th ult. by the same, JAMES S. WHISTON, to MARY A. MCINTYRE, of Southwark.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. J. Whitehall, DANL. MORGAN, to HESTER A. EVBURY, both of West Philadelphia.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Wm. Urie, JOHN F. DEAL, to ELIZABETH HURTZ, both of Philadelphia.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Gideon B. Perry, D. D., Mr. FERDINAND GEISLER, to Miss MARGARET SMITH, both of Philadelphia.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, SAMUEL N. LEWIS, Jr. to SOPHIA HARRISON, daughter of the late Willing Francis, Esq.

On the 18th inst. at Cherry Retreat, Lancaster county, by the Rev. Dr. Ludlow, J. LIVINGSTON LUDLOW, M.D. to MARY A. LANING, daughter of Mr. John Roset, all of Philadelphia.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. J. Lansing Burrows, WILLIAM D. WILSON, to MARY E. YARD.

Died,

On the 24th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of Benj. and Ellen Stratton, in the 5th year of her age.

On the 24th inst. CLIFFORD WARREN, son of Saxon E. and Anne B. Warren, aged 11 months.

On the 22d inst. REBECCA MCCORKLE, in the 20th year of her age.

On the 21st inst. JOHN THOMPSON, in the 84th year of his age.

On the 23d inst. after a short but severe illness, WM. D. HULFISH, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. HANNAH DIXON, in the 73d year of her age.

On the 23d instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH SIDDALL, wife of Jos. Siddall, in the 55th year of her age.

On the 23d inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH BROOKS, daughter of the late John Kunkle.

On the 23d inst. CHARLES PATTON, infant son of Robt. and Maria Denny, aged 1 month and 3 days.

On the 23d inst. after a short illness, GEORGE H. only son of G. H. and Sarah A. Branson, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. SARAH HOOD, in the 52d year of her age.

On the 22d inst. CATHARINE J. YOULE, in the 51st year of her age.

In Washington city, on the 22d inst. CULLY R. WISE, Esq. first Auditor of the Treasury, in the 48th year of his age.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. ISABELLA SMITH, in the 72d year of her age.

On the 19th inst. MARGARET WHITE, daughter of John White, in the 5th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. WM. J. WATSON, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 17th inst. SUSAN M. daughter of the late Mathew Carey.

At Tackony, on the 18th inst. MARGARET MATILDA, eldest daughter of the late Jesse Y. Castor, Esq.

On the 18th inst. after a short illness, ELLA GERTRUDE, infant daughter of Albert G. Bird.

On the 19th inst. EDWIN A. STEVENSON, aged 11 years.

On the 21st inst. Mr. DAVID BLANFORD, aged 60 years.

On the 21st inst. WM. MARSTELLER, of remittent fever, in the 4th year of his age.

On the 20th inst. after a short and severe illness, WM. HENRY, youngest son of George F. Sites, in the 2d year of his age.

On the 21st inst. MARY REO, in the 50th year of her age.

On the 21st inst. SAMUEL PALMER, son of Lewis and Hannah Palmer, aged 14 months.

On the 18th instant, after a short illness, HENRY V. VAUGHAN, in the 35th year of his age.

On the 19th inst. after a lingering illness, Miss ELIZABETH ALLISON, in the 36th year of her age.

At Chambersburg, on the 18th inst. ROBERT T. infant son of Wm. W. and Harriet Knight, aged 5 months and 9 days.

In New Orleans, on the 11th inst. THOS. C. MCCALD.

In Hubbardston, June 5th, Mr. JOSEPH GREEN, aged 94 years.

On the 19th inst. ELIZABETH J. JANNEY, wife of Oliver S. Janney, after a protracted illness.

Suddenly, on the 20th inst. THOMAS I. INSKEEP, in the 17th year of his age.

On the 18th inst. WM. HOFFMAN, aged 55 years.

On the 19th inst. ELLEN VANDERGRIFT, aged 62 years.

On the 18th inst. WM. MELLVIL, aged 54 years.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us if attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 17th to the 23d July.

July 17, received from

P. J. Cushing	$2 00	A. Williamson	2 00
R. L. Stone	2 00	Marvin & Walker	4 00
N. J. Bockes	1 00	S. W. Neal	5 00
U. D. Bassett	2 00	J. A. B. Nash	10 00
H. Bronson	9 00	S. C. Champion	2 00
N. Coe	5 00	W. R. Griffith	2 00
July 18.			
Dr. J. Lancaster	2 00	S. Coale	5 00
W. Nelson	1 00	Paul & Duffin	2 00
L. Pierson	5 00	J. Aitkin	2 00
Asa Day	10 00	I. Dungan	2 00
J. Mallalieu	2 00	W. Froxall	2 00
R. Leishman	2 00	G. S. Acton	8 00
M. W. Warner	2 00	W. J. Pyle	3 00
J. M. Fox	2 00	D. Parker	1 00
July 19.			
W. J. Munce	2 00	C. H. Grayson	10 00
A. Williams	5 00	A. L. Hunter	5 00
C. Caines	2 00	J. County	2 00
Mary Wales	3 00	W. D. Jones	2 00
T. E. Kelsey	1 00	H. W. Palmer	5 00
S. Mitchell	2 00	G. F. Solomon	2 00
R. G. Homiston	2 00	Mrs. A. Bossert	2 00
S. W. Patterson	2 00	F. Brown	2 00
H. W. Hewson	10 00	J. McGrail	2 00
W. Jones	2 00	T. B. McGrew	2 00
J. Y. Rushton	4 00	Dr. E. Smith	4 00
W. B. Potts	2 00	J. Carmony	3 00
A. G. Walter	2 00	H. Bishop	8 00
J. G. Chase	2 00	Dr. J. Evans	2 00
W. Neill	2 00		
July 20.			
B. W. Freed	15 00	W. O. Doubleday	3 00
J. Rodgers	1 00	E. E. Bush	5 00
W. W. Norton	2 00	J. A. Conn	2 00
W. Donnelly	2 00	S. Taylor	2 00
J. F. Fecklen	2 00	Mary B. Haines	2 00
D. A. Nicholson	2 00	J. Brown	3 00
J. D. Barnes	10 00	H. A. Bonn	4 50
J. Jenkins	1 00	G. B. Bentley	14 00
W. Wilson	3 00	T. T. Johnson	2 00
G. W. Hyat	2 00	D. Savage	1 50
July 22.			
S. Whiting	2 00	W. H. Price	5 00
S. Heaton	1 00	C. T. French	2 00
J. Cooper	2 00	Mrs. A. Sevenbora	2 00
C. Thomas	2 00	W. Finley	1 50
O. H. P. Duval	2 00	D. Goodall	5 00
Mrs. L. Dane	2 00	W. S. Livingston	2 00
D. Osborn	1 00	J. T. Price	2 00
J. Schenck	1 00	J. N. Carpenter	2 00
S. Griffith	2 00	A. L. Alexander	2 00
E. L. Hinman	5 00	J. H. Morris	6 00
J. D. Chalmers	2 00	J. Smith	1 50
C. W. Jones	4 00	J. W. Swanson	1 50
W. B. Green	6 00	T. B. Wright	2 00
J. C. Thomas	2 00	W. H. Carpenter	2 00
H. Rivington	8 00	C. P. Townsend	6 00
A. L. Dunbar	4 00	R. W. Dingle	2 00
July 23.			
S. G. Fennimore	2 00	J. Hannis	2 00
J. R. Weldin, agt	66 71	S. Lehman	4 00
W. P. Bainbridge	2 00	Mrs. B. Harris	2 00
W. A. Hardison	5 00	Mrs. A. B. Douglass	3 00
L. Patillo	10 00	A. G. Waterman	7 00
J. Pierre, agt	20 00	C. Whitman	2 00
A. Groover	1 00	J. Lewis	1 50
W. Marshall	2 00	W. W. McGuigan	1 50
D. Wills	2 00	C. Jamieson	1 25
J. Matthews	2 00		

TAILORS DO YOU SEE THIS!

ALLEN WARD, the first Inventor, Patentee and Teacher of Systematical rules of GARMENT CUTTING, has recently made an important Improvement in point of speed and accuracy of Garment Fitting, the practical utility of which he warrants superior to any other system. Price Five Dollars. Address, post paid,

ALLEN WARD,

jy 27-6t No. 241 South NINTH street.

GRAHAM'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, where all the CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be obtained. Orders addressed to ROBINSON & PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts., Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

feb 10-1y* ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.

BOOTS AND SHOES BY THE PACKAGE,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS PREPARED to sell good quality BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS of every description, as low as they can be bought of the manufacturers.

Purchasers are requested to examine the market, and then call at No. 60 Chesnut below Third street, Philada.

jan 6-1y* THOMAS L. EVANS.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

OF GRAHAM & CHRISTY, Number 2, ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK.

OF ROBINSON & JONES, MAIN STREET above FOURTH ST. CINCINNATI.

J. W. COOK, No. 85 FOURTH St. PITTSBURGH.

OF MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST

BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,

No. 25 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 27th, 1844.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	20 dis
Girard do.	1 dis
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	½ dis
Lancaster bank,	½ dis
Far. bk. Lancaster,	½ dis
Lebanon,	½ dis
Harrisburg,	1 dis
Middleton,	1½ dis
Carlisle,	1½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	par
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk. Potts.	1½ dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	½ dis
Towanda,	20 dis
York,	1½ dis
Gettysburg,	1½ dis
Chambersburg,	1½ dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	2 dis
" Demand notes,	2 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	2 dis
Berks county bank,	80 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	1½ dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	10 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	35
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do.
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk. Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk, New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk, Buffalo,	55 do
All solvent banks,	⅜a½
Country banks,	½ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken.
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Potsdam Manf. Co.	do
Red Backs,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks *no value.*	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard,	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5,	½ dis

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk. Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	50 dis
All solvent banks,	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederickton,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	1 dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	2 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks, various	prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	par
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5,	½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Farmers' bk & brch's,	1 dis
Valley bk and branch,	1 dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	1 dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	3
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phenix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk of Mill.	
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Rucker Bkg. Co.	
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	12 dis
Small notes,	15 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank,	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	1½ dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	-
CANADA.	
Montreal,	

Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prem.
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	1a1½ dis

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN BOOK-STORE.

GEORGE S. APPLETON,

148 CHESNUT STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ARCADE,

PHILADELPHIA.

Determined to deserve the patronage of the Literary and Reading Public, by presenting to their notice, an establishment worthy of encouragement; the proprietor has provided a stock of books of unequalled richness and variety, in all the departments of knowledge. His assortment comprises the MOST ELEGANT EDITIONS of the *STANDARD WORKS*,

In Theology, History, Biography, Criticism, Classical Literature and the Fine Arts, together with the most extensive collection of

BIBLES AND PRAYER BOOKS,

In every variety of type, binding, paper, and embellishment; a choice supply of the most recent

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS,

In various languages; the most complete collection of Richly Embellished

STANDARD WORKS,

Recently issued from the prolific presses of

LONDON AND PARIS,

In which every variety of beautiful

STEEL PLATE ENGRAVING AND WOOD CUTS

Are exhibited, displaying the astonishing progress of the British and Continental Artists, in drawing and engraving. This supply is increased by New Books, received by every Steamer and Packet that arrives from Europe.

His stock of Modern English Books contain all the most valuable recent publications in the several departments of Literature.

NEW AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

In all the departments of learning, are received immediately on their publication, including the various works issued in the tempting form of

CHEAP LITERATURE

Which furnishes the American reader with the three guinea books of the London press, at

12½ CENTS A VOLUME.

The more elegant and costly production of the American press, are also received at the earliest date, and afforded to readers and collectors of Libraries, at the

LOWEST MARKET PRICE.

G. S. APPLETON'S arrangements for the prompt execution of private

ORDERS FOR FOREIGN BOOKS,

Are most complete. Having a branch of the house in England, No. 16 Little Britain, London, of which the business is wholly confined to the purchase of Books for the American Market, especial care is given to the instant execution of orders from gentlemen in this country.—Books from

PARIS, LEIPSIC, FLORENCE,

And all the other great continental book-marts, are supplied with unexampled promptness, and on the most advantageous terms.

Attention is cheerfully shown to Ladies, and Gentlemen who may be desirous to examine all the New and Attractive *EMBELLISHED BOOKS*,

As fast as they appear from the American and Foreign presses; and all are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves.

A LITERARY BULLETIN

Is published on the first of each month, containing complete lists of new and forthcoming publications, American and Foreign, and other interesting literary information. The Bulletin will be sent *gratis to all who may desire it*. Complete catalogues furnished without charge.

G. S. A. trusts that his arrangements will continue as hitherto, to merit and meet the public approbation, and will make his Bookstore to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Philadelphia, still the jy 27-3t

FASHIONABLE LITERARY RESORT.

A. BOLMAR'S

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

WEST CHESTER.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT, SITUATED AT West Chester, Pa., within about four hours ride from Philada., by the Columbia railroad, was built, improved and furnished some years ago, expressly for a Boarding School, at an expense of upwards of fifty thousand dollars. The situation is very healthy, and the accommodations most comfortable. A farm being a part of the establishment, furnishes for the pupils the most wholesome and desirable food. The Principal, the Teachers and the Pupils eat at the same table, and partake of the same fare.

In this School the pupils receive thorough instruction in all the English branches which constitute a good American education. The ancient and the modern languages, as well as the higher branches of Mathematics, are there taught by competent teachers of tried abilities, who all live at the school, and who devote their whole time to the improvement of their pupils.

The Course of Studies is such, that a pupil, at the choice of his friends, can receive, in a few years, such an education as will fit him for admission either into any college, into West Point or the Navy, or enable him to become a civil engineer.

Book-Keeping is taught in English, French and Spanish, and a pupil, directing his attention to a mercantile life, will receive such instruction as will, on his leaving school, enable him at once to make himself very useful in a counting house, and thereby secure for himself immediate advancement.

To those who have no knowledge of the school here announced, the Principal would observe, that it is not a new school, but one which was carried on successfully for several years in Philadelphia, from which place he removed it to West Chester, nearly 12 years ago, persuaded then that the country had many advantages over a large city to bring up boys, of which he has become long since thoroughly convinced by his experience in both places.

The Principal of this school will be pleased to refer persons, desirous of placing boys under his care, not only to distinguished gentlemen who have known him for many years as an instructor of youth, but to the parents who have had, and to those who now have boys at his school, and also to many of his old scholars, who being now grown up men, are filling high offices in different parts of the Union. He will also refer those who wish to give a classical education to their sons, to the Faculties of several colleges, into which many of his pupils have been admitted, (several in advanced classes) in which they distinguished themselves, thereby proving his school to be one at which boys can receive an English and a Classical education, and at THE SAME TIME acquire such a knowledge of the French and the Spanish as will be of infinite value to them in whatever profession or business they may afterwards devote themselves to.

N. B.—There being in West Chester churches of nearly every denomination of christians, the pupils on Sundays are taken by the Principal and the Teachers to whichever of them parents may have directed, there to attend service and to receive such instruction as is peculiar to the sect to which each pupil may belong. Besides that, religious instruction is given at the school, but without any allusion whatever to the peculiarities of any one sect. The morals and good manners of the pupils are also scrupulously attended to at all times.

The Summer Session will begin on the first of May.

For Terms and any information respecting the School, Letters, post paid, must be directed to the Principal, as above. nov 4-eow1y

STAMMERING CURED, AND ELOCUTION taught by Dr. A. COMSTOCK, No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia.

☞ Dr. Comstock's System of Elocution is sold in the United States by booksellers generally; in London, by Wiley & Putnam. ap 27-1y*

Selected Poetry.

COLONEL BOONE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Colonel Daniel Boone, the first settler of Kentucky, in consequence of losing all his property by the chicanery of the law, exiled himself from society, and took up his residence on the banks of the Grand Osage, in company with his son. He there reared his rude log hut, around which he planted a few esculent vegetables, and his principal food he obtained by hunting. An exploring traveller, sometimes crossing the way of this singular man, would find him seated at the door of his hut, with his rifle across his knees, and his faithful dog at his side, surveying his shrivelled limbs, and lamenting that his youth and manhood were gone, but hoping his legs would serve him to the last of life, to carry him to spots frequented by the game, that he might not starve.

"In his solitude he would sometimes speak of his past actions, and of his indefatigable labors, with a glow of delight on his countenance, that indicated how dear they were to his heart, and would then become at once silent and dejected. Thus he passed through life till he had attained the age of ninety, when death suddenly terminated his earthly recollections of the ingratitude of his fellow creatures, at a period when his faculties, though he had reached such an age, were not greatly impaired. September 26th, 1820."

Alone! Alone! How drear it is
Always to be alone!
In such a depth of wilderness,
The only thinking one!
The waters in their path rejoice,
The trees together sleep;
But I have not one human voice
Upon my ear to creep.

The sun upon the silent hills
His mesh of beauty weaves;
There's music in the laughing rills
And in the whispering leaves;
The red deer like the breezes fly
To meet the bounding roe,
But I have not a human sigh
To cheer me as I go!

I've hated men—I hate them now—
But since they are not here,
I thirst for the familiar brow;
Thirst for the stealing tear.
And I should love to gaze on one,
And feel the other creep—
And then again I'd be alone
Amid the forest deep.

I thought that I should love my hound!
And hear my cracking gun,
Till I forgot the thrilling sound
Of voices—one by one;
I thought that, in the leafy hush
Of nature, they would die;
But, as the kindred waters rush,
Resisted feelings fly!

I'm weary of my voiceless hut,
And of its blasted tree;
The very lake is like my lot,
So silent constantly.
I've gazed upon the forest gloom
Until I almost fear—
When will the gushing voices come,
My spirit thirsts to hear?

From the Monthlies.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR AUGUST.

OLD AND YOUNG BY TURNS.

BY MRS. ANNA FLEMING.

The Lady Annabel sat in a small room in her father's castle, looking out of a window which overlooked a wide landscape. Her maidens were in a little group at the other end of the apartment, busily engaged at their embroidery, laughing, and chatting, and whispering, just as they might were they alive now—for this was many years ago, and they are all dead and buried. The Lady Annabel took no notice of them—she was thinking——. At last she looked up, and yawned—

"Oh, I am sleepy—and thirsty. Mabel bring me some water."

Mabel obeyed; and as she received the cup again, she said,

"Your ladyship will not be sleepy to-morrow!"

"To-morrow? What is to-morrow?"

"Does not your ladyship remember that to-morrow will be your ladyship's birthday?—and——"

"My birthday! Oh, yes, so it is. I had forgotten all about it. We are to have a merry time of it, I believe; but I am sure I feel in no humor for merriment now. Indeed, I should like to be alone. Lay down your work for a little while, and take a stroll in the courtyard."

When she found herself alone, the Lady Annabel walked up and down the small apartment, then stopping before the looking-glass, she said—

"My birthday! Am I indeed twenty-nine to-morrow? Twenty-nine!—that sounds very old. It is ten years since my father came into possession of this estate, and every one of those years has passed one just like another. I feel no older than I was then. I look no older," and she looked long into the mirror then. "I am no older in any one respect. How I wish they would let my birthday pass by in silence, and not distress me by publishing to all the assembled crowd that the Lady Annabel is now twenty-nine."

Her reverie was here disturbed by the hasty entrance of her father.

"Why, what makes you look so downcast, daughter? For shame!—go down and assist in the preparations for to-morrow's feast, instead of moping here. But I must not forget to tell you I saw my neighbor L——— this morning. We passed through his grounds, and he joined our hunting party."

At this the Lady Annabel's color heightened visibly.

"He says he expects his son back in a few months; and he and I were settling, that as our estates touch, and as he has but one son, and I have but one daughter———; but I hear my men; they have brought home the stags—one of them has such horns! You must come down after a while and see them."

So saying he left her.

"And Jasper is coming home," continued the Lady Annabel, to herself. "How well do I remember the first time I saw him—it was on my birthday. I was twelve years old, and although he was just my age, I was a tall girl and he a little boy, and I refused to dance with him because he was a whole head shorter than I; but if my father and his have such plans for us"———

At this moment her companions returned, and quieting their laughing countenances, sat down again to their embroidery.

The next day was one of unusual festivity. By mid-day the hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen of high degree, from far and near. The music was loud, and dancing and feasting were the order of the day. The Lady Annabel, contrary to her expectations, was beguiled by the joy she saw on every face around her, and entered with great vivacity into every sport that was proposed. No laugh so loud as hers—no movements so full of glee. Late at night, when the guests had departed, she threw herself flushed and excited into a large chair in her own room, and began to unfasten the roses from her hair.

"So it is all over, and I have been happy, very happy, indeed I have—only the recollection that it was my birthday would intrude itself upon me to damp my enjoyment every now and then. I heard several people ask if it were true that it was my twenty-eighth birthday!—they did not know it was the twenty-ninth. And that odious Miss What's-her-name actually said I looked very well for that, very well, indeed! I should be glad I know, to see her look half as well, though she was as she says a baby when I was almost grown up. Twenty-nine, twenty-nine! Oh! I wish I were not so old!" and covering her face with her hands she burst into tears.

Let us pass over a few months. The neighbor's long expected son has come home, and Lady Annabel is in a state of anxiety, for her heart is true to her first love, despite her twenty-nine years. Her father and his neighbor are a great deal together, looking over papers and inspecting boundary lines; but, contrary to all expectation, the neighbor's son turns out perverse, as neighbor's sons are apt to do, and begins a flirtation with a little girl of sixteen, as poor as a rat. His father frowned—Annabel's father frowned, and Annabel—she remembered her twenty-nine years.

This unhappy state of things continued for some months, in spite of various remonstrances on the part of one father, and polite speeches on the part of the other. In vain title deeds were shown him—in vain the contiguous estates were talked over and walked over. Jasper remained immovable. At last, upon being formally and rigorously appealed to by his father as to his intentions concerning Lady Annabel, he obstinately refused to enter into any engagement with her whatsoever, alleging as a reason that she was too old to be his wife, and adding she might be informed of his having said so for aught he cared.

Two days after he put the finishing stroke to his disobedience by eloping with the above-mentioned little girl of sixteen.

All this was conveyed to the Lady Annabel by her offended and indignant father. And now, indeed, was she unhappy—for she really loved this man, and knew herself to have been really loved by him some years before.

"Too old for him, indeed—too old for him! God knows my love for him may be older than it was, but it is only the stronger, the more enduring. Cruel, cruel Jasper, to cast me off thus; and for what—because I am twenty-nine. Surely I am the same that I have always been, and he reproaches me with the years that have taken away none of my beauty. He might as well lay to my charge, the ages that passed before I was born."

But so it was, in spite of all her grief. It was then as it is now, as it always has been and always shall be—man speaks and woman abides by it. The Lady Annabel pined, and grieved, and wept in secret; and talked, and laughed, and jested about the elopement in public, and for a while no one knew that hers was a heavily laden heart.

Tears do a great deal of mischief in the world. In the Lady Annabel's case they did a great deal. They took all the lustre from her bright eyes; they washed away the color from her cheeks, and rolling down they wore for themselves channels in her smooth skin, so that by her thirtieth birthday people began to say—"The Lady Annabel is very much faded," and—"The Lady Annabel is not quite so young as she was"—and one little lady, the odious little lady as Lady Annabel had called her a year ago, was heard to say—

"I did think she were very well, but I don't think so now. To be sure, poor thing, she is getting on pretty well."

This time the Lady Annabel entreated her father to omit the usual merry-making. She spent the day alone in her own room.

"Thirty years old! How it distressed me a year ago to think I was twenty-nine. I have no such feelings now. Jasper was right when he said I was too old for him. How would my careworn, sorrowful face look in company with his blooming appearance? They talked of a ball for to-night—how my heart shrunk from such a thing. I at a ball! No—this dimly lighted room suits me better. Jasper was right; but then if he had still loved me, would my youth and my beauty have gone so soon? Perhaps not—but they are gone now. And what is left to me?—a dull, joyless life of regret."

But she was wrong—she was not quite as old as she thought. A few years passed away. Her violent sorrow became changed by degrees into a melancholy, and then into a gravity. They rarely saw her laugh, but she was very often cheerful. She had put away her ornaments—her jewels—it is true, but her attire was always becoming and elegant. Her father's dwelling continued to be the resort of his numerous friends. She mingled with them but seldom, and smiled when the odious little lady, now Mrs. Somebody, talked about old maids. Meanwhile, Jasper was never heard of—his angry father having refused to correspond with him. He seemed to be everywhere forgotten, and he was everywhere—but in one place.

But grief will wear itself out. After a while Annabel at first listened, and then joined in the conversation of her father's guests, and found herself by degrees returning the interest evinced for her by a country gentleman of some property in the neighborhood, about ten years older than herself. She was now thirty-five.

The next thing was a wedding at the hall, and no one seemed in higher spirits than the bride herself, decked in the ornaments which had lain in their cases for five years. Annabel was young again.

Let us pass over five years of quiet domestic happiness—for although her feelings towards her husband were very different from those called forth by her first love, still she was attached to the worthy man. * * * * Her black dress and ugly cap no less than her slow gait and saddened air show her to be a widow. Lonely and desolate since her bereavment, she has again taken up her residence with her father, and inhabits the same little room she formerly did. A few months more, and her father's death increased her seclusion. She has no relation left upon earth, and earnestly and bitterly does she pray that she may die and leave this world of sorrows. She receives no visiters, and never appears abroad—only now and then, late in the afternoon, when the weather is fine, her tall closely veiled figure may be seen walking slowly through the shady walks around about the castle, and the village children, coming home from school, peep at her through the hedge, and whisper—"It is the old lady taking her walk."

We said visiters were never admitted there, and they were not. So much the greater then was the surprise of all the old servants, when, one day, a fine looking middle-aged man was seen in the largest parlor, in close converse with their mistress, but this was repeated so often, that at last it came to be quite a customary thing. She took no more solitary walks; her black veil was laid aside; her close cap again gave way to her glossy hair—glossy still, though streaked with gray. Her youth was coming back—for was not this Jasper—the Jasper of old—her first love? Poor Jasper, he had been unhappy in his marriage, and upon his wife's death, had come home with his son after long years spent in poverty abroad.

He did not think the Lady Annabel too old for him now, so the castle was a second time illuminated for a marriage, and a second time were the jewels taken from their cases.

"Jasper," said Annabel, "the world will call us an old couple. It is true, years have passed over us. We have been old, both of us, but it was sorrow that made us so, not time. Sorrow has left us now, and time has brought us to this our second youth. Is it not so? For although they speak the truth when they say we have both of us gray hairs, yet if they did but see our hearts, they would say there is youth yet in them—as in the day when I would not dance with you because you were a head shorter than I, or the day when you deserted me because I was too old for you.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR AUGUST.

THE FIRE-FLIES.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

When the damp and shadowy eve
Drops her veil on bower and green,
We our secret coverts leave,
Sparkling out in all our sheen.
We, the Fire-Flies, speed us through
Silence, darkness, air and dew,
With a lamp at either wing,
Where we list the light to fling.

Plants, that when the sun was high,
Screened us from his burning powers,
We, in turn, with light supply—
Little meteoric showers!
On the tendrils, buds, and stems,
We shine forth, their living gems,
Never set, and never cold,
Like the heavy stone and gold.

Round the violet's languid eye
Do our shining winglets play;
While its tear, we may not dry,
Softly we can brush away!
We illume the purple bell,
Rosy cup, and snow-white cell;
Countless leaves and grassy blades
Make we brighter for the shades.

But, we crown our darling flower
In the honeysuckle-bloom,
Sweetest in the darkling hour—
Breathing spice through damps and gloom!
And, if understood by us,
Human speech, it whispered thus
"So from one true heart will flow
Balm, when thousands shun our wo!"

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.

THE FLOWER AND GEM.

Or the Choice of Grace Gordon.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I am not sure, dear reader, that you would have called Grace Gordon beautiful. *I* used to take it for granted she was, because I never could keep my eyes or my heart from her when she was present. Grace was a brunette. Do you like brunettes? I hope you do; if you don't you wont "take an interest," as my little sister used to say, when she had newly arranged her baby-house; she would tottle to the head of the stairs and call out, in her little shrill, bird-like voice, "Father—mother—Fanny!—come and take an interest!" I wish my call to you would be answered as promptly as hers always was.

At any rate, if Grace was not a beauty, she was a darling; a wild, sweet, sunny, frolicsome creature, with great, shy, antelope eyes, that wouldn't look up when they were wanted, and a mouth whose smile was bewildering. I loved Grace for a thousand reasons, but chiefly because she was once the cause of my being, in my own private opinion, a heroine. From a child I had always had an ardent desire to be a heroine, in some way, I hardly cared what. I was a pet, and was seldom crossed, and therefore to *be crossed* was my chief ambition. At three years of age, I used either to try to be naughty or pretend to be, for the express purpose of *enduring* the punishment. Then I was a martyr, and I gloried in it.

But let us return to Grace. I will tell you a secret, sweet reader; but you must promise not to betray me; for worlds I would not confide it to any one but you. May I trust to your honor? Well, then, I had a lover once! That is, I imagined him a lover; it was a poetical license on my part; for, to tell the truth, I don't suppose he cared "an individual straw," to quote from a quaint friend at my elbow, about *me*. He was a tall, dark, mysterious-looking, Lara-like man, whom I adored, or fancied I did, for no earthly reason, that I can remember, except that he was poor,—that his name was Percy, and that he had a Byron mouth, a stern, deep voice, which used to thrill me with fear and delight. Well, I was only fifteen years old and he was thirty, and, I suppose, he looked upon me as a mere child, for he used to pet me, and bring me sugar-plums, and call me his "little humming bird." I was proud of his attentions, and fancied I had an exclusive right to them. Alas! I was dolefully deceived.

He did not say he loved me;
Yet, oh! he used to bring,
To deck my braided tresses,
The fairest flowers of spring!

He did not say he loved me;
But, in his earnest eyes,
I thought I saw the secret
A thousand times arise.

He did not say he loved me;
He did not breathe a vow;
I needed no confession
I read it on his brow.

I met it in his glances;
I heard it in his tone;
I asked not if he loved me;
I *felt* he was mine own!

He did not say he loved me;
Yet, oh! he used to sing,
Such songs as thrill the spirit,
While feeling tunes the string!

But false his dark eye's smiling,
And false my dream, so brief;
Alas! for man's beguiling!
For woman's fond belief!

He did not say he loved me;
Why did he ever bring,
To braid amid my tresses,
The token-flowers of spring?

Why did he look so fondly?
Why did he speak so low?
Oh! if he did not love me,
He should have told me so!

Grace Gordon came to our village on a visit, from her home, in the far West; a party was made for her the night after her arrival, and every one was charmed with the young stranger. Beautiful, witty, affectionate and gay, she was the very being to bewitch my grave and dignified cavalier; and the moment I saw her I felt a presentiment of evil. He was introduced, and oh! how my childish heart ached as I watched his noble head bending over her chair, and heard the low tones which I knew were thrilling her soul. Yes! I knew it by the sudden lifting and dropping of those lovely, yet unfathomable eyes, by the alternate dimple and blush deepening on her cheek, and I went home with a soul full, as I fancied, of anguish, pride, passion, and grandly beautiful resolve. Percy was poor and so was I. Miss Gordon was comparatively rich, and had many influential friends, who might be of service to him in his career. It would be a capital match; every one had said so at the party; and I would do all in my power to bring it about. He came as usual the next day. In his manner toward me there was more "empressement" than before, and, from the way in which he spoke of Grace, I found that my imagination had gone too far—that she had not made so deep an impression as I thought; but I had made up my mind to be a heroine, and I was not to be cheated out of my position in that way. I had determined to be great, and great I was. I assumed a gayety and indifference I did not feel; I called his attention to a thousand graces in my rival which he had not thought of before; I told him anecdotes of her wit and generosity which charmed him; lastly I took him to see her, and afterward avoided him as much as possible. To complete the romance, I thought myself in duty bound to compose some heart-rending verses on the occasion, which, if I rightly recollect, ran thus:

I cannot forget him!
I've locked up my soul!
But not till this image
Deep, deep in it stole.

I cannot forget him!
The Future can cast
No flower before me,
So sweet as the Past.

I turn to my books;
But his voice, rich and rare,
Is blent with the genius
That speaks to me there.

I tune my wild lyre,
But I think of the praise,
Too precious, too dear,
Which he lent to my lays!

I cannot forget him!
I try to be gay,
To quell the wild sorrow
That rises alway;

But wilder and darker
It swells as I try;
If *Heaven* could forget him,
So never can I!

I cannot forget him!
I loved him too well!
His smile was endearment,
His whisper a spell.

I fly from his presence;
Alas! it is vain;
I see him—I hear him—
He's with me again!

He haunts me forever;
I worship him yet;
Oh! idle endeavor!
I cannot forget!

Grace and I became very intimate, and the affair went charmingly on, until a rich and fashionable admirer of hers, by the name of Walters, followed her to the village. Then I perceived an indecision, a shade of coquetry, in her manner which alarmed me. Percy was too proud to bear with caprice, and I trembled lest his rival should carry off the prize.

One evening I called for her on my way to a party. She was standing, half dressed, at the glass, and turning toward me as I entered, she said, half in sport and half in earnest, "Fanny, which shall I wear?" In one hand she held out a half-blown moss-rose, in the other, a magnificent wreath of leaves, formed entirely of emeralds and gold.

"Oh! the moss-rose, dear Grace, by all means," I replied.

"You little know, Fanny, how much depends upon my choice!—but I will hesitate no longer," and, laying down the jewels, she twined the flower in a rich, dark braid that fell upon her neck. I had unconsciously sealed my own fate—the rose had been sent by Percy, the emerald wreath by his rival, and the former was accompanied by the following lines.

TO GRACE.

If o'er your cheek the blush that plays,
When he who loves you dares to praise,
Be sent by 'wakened Feeling there,
Nor bloom to win the worldling's gaze,
Oh! deign my simple gift to take,
And braid it in your lustrous hair!
For mine, dear Grace, and Love's sweet sake,
Beside the blush, the rose-bud wear!

If, in your voice, the cadence low
That, soft replying, falters so,
Be taught, by Truth and Love, to thrill,
If from your *heart* its accents flow,
Then deign my token-flower to take,
And wear it with a gracious will!
Oh! flower of flowers! for Love's sweet sake,
Be tender and be truthful still!

But if the tone, the blush, be part
Of changeful woman's wily art,
If that soft smile, so fond yet shy,
Speak not the language of the heart,
If that dark lash droop not to hide
The tell-tale, Love, within thine eye,
Then give to air the blossom's pride,
As I, the hope, thou doom'st to die!

Grace wore the rose; and oh! how enchantingly she blushed, as she caught Percy's dark and eloquent eyes bent fondly upon her, on entering the room, at Mrs. Hall's. He was by her side in a moment, and one glance at the pair, as he led her to a seat, showed me my doom was sealed. Never before or since were my spirits so buoyant, so stragely wild and light, as on that eventful evening, and never before or since has my smile been assumed to hide a heart so dark and sad.

I was bridemaid at the wedding; but it was so long ago that I had forgotten I was ever in love with Percy Howard, until last night, at a gay party given by his wife, she pointed out to me the emerald wreath, worn in the fair hair of Mrs. Walters, the bride for whom the party was made—a pretty, but insipid-looking girl—and whispered, as she did so, "I would not give my withered rose—I have it now dear Fanny—for all the gems she wears!"

"Grace, dear Grace," I exclaimed, clapping my hands with delight, "it is just the thing! May I put you in a story? I must write one for Graham to-morrow, and I want material sadly."

"And I am your 'dernier resort?' Well, Fanny, victimize me if you will; but don't tell for the world that I gave you leave to do it!" Dear reader, keep the secret.

Our Scrap Book.

MIKE LEARY'S SONG OF PRATIES.

Dear praties, or murphies, or whatever name
The l'arned may call ye, I love ye the same;
Ye're the roundest, the swatest, the best of all fruit
And I'll sing till I'm tired in praise of the root.

Just schrape them gaintly when put in the pot,
And take them up smoking and ate them quite hot;
And while on their beauties my soul is regalin',
I'll loudly proclaim they require no repalin'.

Wid butter-milk, share for a prince they're a faste;
There's nothin' like praties, west, north, south, or east.
Swate fruit! while down my pleased throat as ye roll,
Be assured that Mike Leary will ne'er charge ye toll.

The gintles may talk of their fruit from afar,
Of the grape, and the peach, the apple and pear;
But the praty so maly, the praty is mine;
May the praty and shamrock for ever entwine!

☞ A clergyman was once catechising a class of children belonging to his congregation, and coming to a little boy, who was something of a rogue, he asked him what he knew. "I know something," replied the urchin, with a significant look. "Well, my son, what do you know?" asked the pastor. "I know where there is a bird's nest," said the boy, "but I shan't tell you, for fear you will steal the eggs," answered the unsophisticated juvenile.

☞ Frederick the Great, after a very terrible engagement asked his officers. "Who behaved most intrepidly during the contest?" The preference was unanimously given to himself. "You are mistaken," replied the King; "the boldest fellow is a fifer, whom I passed twenty times during the engagement, and he did not cease or vary a note the whole time."

☞ A "Down-Easter," it is said, recently told a citizen of the "Lone Star Republic," that nothing could beat the corn in Connecticut. The Texan said he knew nothing of the crops in that section, but in his country the corn stalks bore seven or eight large ears, and a gourd on top with several quarts of shelled corn in it! The Yankee took his hat and marveled.

☞ M. Lalande, the French astronomer, during the whole time of the revolution, confined himself to the study of that science. When he found that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely said, "I may thank my stars for it."

☞ "Is your master up?" asked an early visiter, of the Marquis of Blanford's valet. "Yes, sir," rejoined the fellow with great innocence: "the butler and I carried him up about three o'clock."

☞ "Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap when he left his tail in it.

☞ The Rev. Sidney Smith is notoriously one of the greatest wits in England. A friend once sent him a note requesting him to sit for his portrait to Landseer the great animal painter. Sidney wrote back "Is thy servant *a dog*, that he should do this thing."

☞ Sam Slick says there are two languages that's universal—the language of love and the language of money—the gals understand the one, and the men understand the other, the world over.

☞ A young lady, a few evenings since, said to her cavalier, "please clasp my cloak!" "Certainly," said he, clasping his arms around her, "and the contents too."

☞ Burke once remarked to Garrick that all bitter things were hot. "Aye," said Garrick, "what do you think of bitter cold weather?"

☞ Never judge a person's actions until you understand the motives which prompted them.

☞ "Death to quackery," as the man said when he knocked a duck over with a club.

☞ "I'll be blessed if I do," as the girl said when her lover popped the question.

☞ "I am not fond of such vanities," as the pig said to the ring in his nose.

Selected Articles.

SWALLOWING THE EVIDENCE.

An anecdote is related of Judge Peters, of Philadelphia, which is altogether "too good to be lost." Here it is: Complaint was made to the Judge, in behalf of a crew of a vessel who had made a voyage to some port in Russia, that they had been furnished with bad provisions. While the council for the seamen was arguing the case, one of them stepped forward and drawing from his pocket a piece of bread the color of brown soap, presented it to his honor as a specimen of their fare. To persons accustomed to fine wheaten loaves, it appeared disgusting indeed, and the bystanders, one and all, cried shame, to fill men's stomachs with such unwholesome aliment. The Judge applied the bread to his nose, and finding nothing in it offensive to his olfactory nerves, was tempted to taste it; he nibbled a little piece, it tasted well, and he took a large bite. The counsel proceeded at much length, though the dinner hour was fast approaching; and as he rounded the periods, the Judge nibbled around the black biscuit until no more remained. At this moment the sailor stepped up, and with a countenance in which was depicted real distress, said, "why you have eaten my best witness." "Yes," said the lawyer, "I have been remarking that the Judge has been *swallowing the evidence* as well as the *law*." "Never mind," replied his honor, as if awakened from a dream, "I am better able to *digest* your *case*." So saying, he rose, and ordering the libel to be dismissed, went home to his dinner.

FROM THE EXETER NEWS LETTER.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

The old Farm House, which stood on the river's bank, about a mile from town, many of our readers once visited. It was destroyed by fire about a year ago, but the memory of a thousand little incidents, has linked its history with the history of the Squamscot, which rolls by its ruins. After lately visiting it, the following lines have suggested themselves:

There stood a mansion, grey with shades of time,
Where list'ning rushes kiss the whisp'ring stream,—
Where woodland walks awaken thoughts sublime,
And age might rest, or lovers fondly dream.

Oh, 'twas, indeed, a wild yet dear retreat;—
The purling river gliding gently by,—
The groves, distilling balm and music sweet,
Gave hearts new life, and fired the coldest eye.

Although the very years trod lightly there,
And there in softness blew the wintry wind,
The flames spared not what storms and age would spare,
But in their wrath left only wrecks behind.

One golden eve, along that sighing river,
We sailed, to gaze upon the scenes of old,
And in those paths, made desolate forever,
Recall'd the tales which absent friends had told.

The stars looked down, and seemed to laugh and smile,
Just as they had a hundred times before,
While merry ones had lingered there awhile,
And warm young hearts their songs of love did pour.

But hearts were full, and joyous songs were hushed,
When on that ruined mansion brightly shone
The gentle moon, whose lustre strangely flushed
Each trembling chimney-spire and fallen stone.

A shining serpent through the ruins crept,
And undisturbed by man, from day to day
Upon that very hearth-stone coiled and slept,
Where friends had passed their dearest hours away.

Wild grass and weeds upon the door-stone grew,
A lone flower near them, raised its modest head,
But far, oh far more desolate to view
Was that old ruin by the contrast made.

And if a tear, half checked, the eyelids wet,
No voice could say, it was unmanly then,
For hearts are cold, and vainly, idly beat,
That would not mourn wherever woe has been.

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.—At a meeting of a Bible Society, at Southampton, in England, some time ago, the following touching incident was related by a clergyman present:

"By a sudden burst of water into one of the New Castle Collieries, thirty-five men and forty-one lads were driven into a distant part of the pit, from which there was no possibility of return, until the water should have been drawn off. While this was being effected, though all possible means were used, the whole number gradually died from starvation or from suffocation. When the bodies were drawn up from the pit, seven of the youths were discoved in a cavern separate from the rest. Among these was one of peculiarly moral and religious habits, whose daily reading of the sacred Scriptures to his widowed mother, when he came up from his labor, had formed the solace of her lonely condition. After his funeral, a sympathizing friend of the neglected poor, went to visit her; and while the mother showed him, as the relic of her son, his Bible, worn and soiled with constant perusal, he happened to cast his eyes on a candle box, with which, as a miner, he had been furnished, and which had been brought up from the pit with him; and there he discovered the following affecting record of the filial affection and steadfast piety of the youth. In the darkness of the suffocating pit, with a bit of pointed iron, he engraved on the box his last message to his mother, in these words:—'Fret not, my dear mother, for we were singing and praising God while we had time. Mother, follow God more than ever I did. Joseph, be a good lad to God and mother.' Mr. Richmond produced the box which he had borrowed of the widow, under a solemn promise of returning a relic so precious to a mother's heart."

A BATTLE BETWEEN A ROBIN AND A SQUIRREL.—A correspondent of the Springfield Republican gives the following interesting account of a battle fought between a quadruped and a biped. We were not before aware that the gentle "Robin Red Breast" was endued with so much pugnacity:

"A few days since a red squirrel was seen on a maple tree standing by the house of Mr. Seth Smith, in West Springfield; he had been there but a few minutes before war was declared against him by an old robin, who seemed to claim the right of possession. As the battle waxed hotter and hotter, the squirrel run down the tree and undertook to make his escape along a range of maples by the wayside; but finding the bird in hot pursuit, he would turn occasionally and put himself on the defensive, by showing his ivory to the enraged bird. He ran up and down several trees, with the enemy at his heels, sometimes stopping to strike with his paw, and then resuming his retreat. At last he ran upon a shed, and found safety in an aperture through the boards. As the robin was not accustomed to such hiding places, she could not follow.

"During this contest, which lasted but a short time, the most pitiful cries were heard from the poor squirrel, who sometimes was obliged to transport the robin upon his back, as her talons were firmly planted there, while she was brandishing her beak about his eyes and ears, evidently to the infliction of no small degree of laceration and pain."

COMMERCE.—We find in Frederika Bremer's beautiful tale of Norway, entitled "Strife and Peace," the following striking apostrophe to Commerce:

"Long life to Commerce! My soul expands at the sight of its life. What has not commerce done from the beginning of the world for the embellishment of life, for promoting the friendly intercourse of countries and people, for the refinement of manners! It has always given me the most heartfelt delight that the wisest and most humane of the lawgivers of antiquity—Solon—was a merchant. 'By trade,' says one of his biographers, 'by wisdom and music was his soul fashioned.' Long life to Commerce! What lives not through it! What is all fresh life, all movement, in reality, but trade, exchange, gift for gift! In love, in the quiet family circle—everywhere, where I see happiness and prosperity—see I also trade; nay, what is the whole earth if not a colony from the mother country of heaven, and whose well being and happy condition depend upon free export and import! The simile might be still further carried out; yet—thou good Giver above, pardon us that we have ventured upon it! And you must not fancy, Alette, that the great interest for trade here excludes the nobler and more refined mental culture. Among the thousands of people who inhabit the city, can one select out an interesting circle for social intercourse?"

HONOR IS JUSTICE as the flower to the plant; its efflorescence, its bloom, its consummation! But honor that does not spring from justice is but a piece of painted rag, an artificial rose, which society would palm upon us as more natural than the true.

HOW LATELY THE JOY-BELLS WERE RINGING.

FROM HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

How lately the joy-bells were ringing
To welcome thy marriage, young bride!
How lately the fond summons bringing
The friends of thy youth to thy side!
Now heavily and mournfully pealing
The sound of thy funeral knell,
And the steps of the mourners are stealing
Through the home where they brought thee to dwell;
The home, where all glad and gay hearted
They blest thee and bid thee rejoice—
But the light of thy smile is departed,
And silent the tones of thy voice!
Oh weep ye the loved and the loving
The fair happy face that is gone—
The form o'er which cold and unmoving,
Lies the weight of the funeral stone!
Yes, weep, for no angel was kinder
Than she, in her beauty and bloom,
And dread was the stroke, that consigned her
So early, so prized to the tomb.
The Saviour acquainted with sorrow,
Forbids not to mourn for the dead;
Yet not as if death has no morrow
Be the tears that we bitterly shed;
We know that we ne'er can behold her
In the perishing beauty of earth—
That our arms never more shall enfold her,
With welcomes of blessing and mirth.
But an awful and glorious meeting,
Remaineth to comfort as yet,
In a world where our hopes are not fleeting,
Where the sunshine of joy shall not set.
Then, gladly that innocent spirit,
(Renewed by a heavenly birth,)
Whole ages of bliss shall inherit,
For an hour of sorrow on earth
Yet hard is the parent's deep anguish
Though by faith and Religion beguiled,
Long, long will be sorrow and languish,
And mourn for his beautiful child.
And long—for his heart is but human.
The desolate husband will grieve;
And that sweet face, half child and half woman,
Still haunt him at morning and eve;
At the sound of her light footsteps falling,
He shall murmur and smile in his sleep;
In dreams he shall hear her voice calling,
And wake to remember and weep.

A HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—I am wedded, said Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and poor old father. Oh my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose! Not those "merrier days"—not "the pleasant days of hope"—not the wanderings with the fair-haired maid, which I have so often and so feelingly regretted—but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day; on my knees to ask her pardon for those little asperities of temper, which from time to time, have given her spirit pain: and the day, my friend, I trust will come. There will be time enough for offices of love, if Heaven's eternal years be ours. Hereafter her meek spirit shall not reproach me. Oh my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind "character" of relationship. These shall give him peace to the last. These are the best foundation for every species of benevolence.—*C. Lamb's Letter.*

Choice Selections.

THERE IS NOTHING UNDER HEAVEN so sweet, as pure fresh immutable affection. The most felicitous moments of man's life, the most extatic of all his emotions and sympathies, is that in which he receives an avowal of affection from the idol of his heart. The spring of feelings, when in their youthful bloom are fountains of unsealed and gushing tenderness. The spell that once draws them forth, is the mystic light of future years and undying memory. Nothing in life is so pure and devoted as woman's love. It matters not whether it be a husband or a child, a sister or a brother, it is the same pure unquenchable flame—the constant and immoderate glow of feeling, whose undeniable touchstone is trial. Do but give her one token of love—one kind word or one gentle look, even if it be amid desolation and death—the feelings of that faithful heart will gush forth as a torrent, in despite of earthly bonds, or mercenary tie. More pricely than the Gems of Golconda is the female heart, and more devoted than the idolatry of Mecca is woman's love.

NEVER DRINK TO DROWN TROUBLE.—It is said that a gentleman who was once in the habit of drinking his brandy and water, moderately, of course, had a negro servant who was a model of sobriety. On a certain day the gentleman went home and found Jim very drunk. The next morning the offender was called up for an explanation. He came forward with a peculiarly distressed and mournful look, and when inquired of, what this meant, he replied—"Why, master, when I see anything troubles you, or you feel bad, you always drink brandy amazingly. Well, yesterday I broke one of your china platters, and knew that you would be sorry, so it troubled me. I felt very bad indeed, and I thought I would take some brandy too; so I kept drinking and drinking, and I got drunk before I thought of it; but it did no good at all, for I feel just as bad about the platter, and then I feel mortified to think that I should get drunk." It does no good at all to drink when you're in trouble.

FURNITURE OF NAPOLEON.—A sale by auction of the property of the late Sir Hudson Lowe, including some portion of the furniture which was in the possession of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena recently took place in London. These consisted of about twenty lots, and among them a large mahogny frame indulging chair, banded with ebony, on castors, from the Emperor's study, £15 5s.; a small circular mahogany pillar and claw table, on which Napoleon burnt pastiles, £6 6s.; a six-foot pedestal library table, formed of mahogany and yew tree, on which table he almost always wrote, £18 18s.; an ebonied arm chair, with cane seat and back, formed of common materials (there was a hole in the cane seat, which had been caused by being constantly used, and it was stated by some brokers in the room not to be worth 1s. 6d.) From the chair being light it was carried about by the Emperor when he took his walks at Longwood. It was bought for £6.

HOPE.

BY SCHILLER.

The future is man's immemorial hymn;
In vain runs the present a-wasting;
To a golden goal in the distance dim
In life, in death, he is hasting.
The world grows old, and young and old;
But the ancient story still bears to be told.

Hope smiles on the boy from the hour of his birth;
To the youth it gives bliss without limit;
It gleams for old age as a star on earth,
And the darkness of death cannot dim it.
Its rays will gild even fathomless gloom,
When the pilgrim of life lies down in the tomb.

Never deem it a Shibboleth phrase of the crowd,
Never call it the dream of a rhymer;
The instinct of nature proclaims it aloud—
We are destined for something sublimer.
This truth which the witness within reveals,
The purest worshipper deepliest feels.

QUEER SCRUPLE OF CONSCIENCE.—An old German Knight, in the first half of the 17th century, when enormous goblets were among the chief ornaments of the rooms and tables of the nobles, sat once at the table next to his young wife, in a numerous company, where the bottle went continually round, and a large goblet was to be emptied each time, on pain of being contemned as a false brother by the guests, who were used to be very strict in this point. The wife, who had received a more polished education, whispered to her husband, when it again came to his turn to empty an enormous glass, to pour the wine secretly under the table. "The others will see it," said he. His wife, therefore, just as he was raising the glass to his mouth, snuffed out the candle and repeated her request. Instead of complying, he said, with a kind of solemnity, "God sees it," and emptied the goblet.

INSTINCT OF PLANTS.—Observation shows, that plants have hours devoted to rest, during which time they make little or no progress in growth. A curious proof of this statement was offered by an account of the experiments of a gentleman, who had an artificial illumination kept up in his graperies throughout the night, and where this was done, the grapes ripened sooner by several weeks; our subsequent account informs us that the vines thus stimulated were much weakened. Some plants, like certain animals, have been ordained for the night, and these, accordingly, are active only during those hours; the night-blowing Ceres is an example of this sort. Others that flourish and increase during the day, close their flowers and frequently their leaves, remaining inactive throughout the night.

THE TRUMPET-BEETLE OF PENANG.—There is one curiosity in natural history very common on this island, which I had never seen elsewhere, namely, the trumpet-beetle. Although not large itself, it has a long trumpet-shaped proboscis, or kind of feeler, from which it emits so loud and long a sound, among the woods by the mountain's sides, that you can scarcely believe that any insect could possibly send forth such a tone. It gave one more the idea of the sound which a bird might utter, such, for instance, as that of the bell-bird, or the whip-bird, or the laughing-jackass, (vernacularly called) met with in New South Wales.—*Voyages of the Nemesis.*

WHEN ADVERSITY assails you, don't grow cross. It prevents not only all sympathy for your misfortune, but also all offers of assistance. People of benevolent feelings are repulsed by your snappishness. They are obliged to stand afar off, lest you bite them.

ANIMAL SPIRITS are continually taken for wit and fancy—and the want of them for sense and judgment.

RIDERS AND DRIVERS will see from the following table, the importance of good roads. The force required to draw a loaded cart, weighing 1000 pounds, is:—

On a turnpike road, hard and dry	20 lbs.
Ditto, dirty	39 "
Hard compact loam	53 "
Ordinary bye-road	106 "
Turnpike road newly graveled	143 "
Loose, sandy road	204 "

These facts should induce the public to see that surveyors "mend their ways."

The Olio.

ILLUMINATED THUNDER CLOUDS.—An honest old Dutchman came on a visit to a New York village, and was quietly smoking his pipe, in view of the Mohawk valley, without knowing that a railroad ran through it. The night was dark, with the appearance of rain, which absorbed the old man's conjectures, when suddenly a train of cars rumbled by, leaving a long train of sparks in the rear. Suddenly dropping his pipe, the astonished citizen exclaimed, "Vel, if New York State is not de tyfel for improvements! Dey hang lanterns to dere clouds dat people may see dem and get out of de way."

A GOOD CON.—"Look a-hea, Sam," said a western negro one day to a field hand over the fence in an adjoining lot; "look a-hea, d' you see dat tall tree down dar?" "Yaas, Jim, I does." "Wal, I go up dat tree day day 'fore yes'dy to de bery top." "W'at was you a'ter, Sam?" "I was a'ter a coon; an' w'en I'd chased 'im cl'ar out to t'oder eend o' dat longes' limb, I hearn sumfin' drop. W'at you gos guess 'twas, Sam? D' you give 'm up? *'Twas dis d—d foolish nigga!* E-yah! e-yah! Like to broked he neck; been limpin' 'bout ever since!"—*Knickerbocker.*

SONG.

BY BAILEY.

Deck not with gems that lovely form for me,
They in my eyes can add no charm to thee.
Braid not for me the tresses of thy hair;
I must have loved thee had'st thou not been fair.

How oft, when half in tears, hast thou beguiled
The sorrow from my heart, and I have smiled.
Oh! formed alike my tears and smiles to share,
I must have loved thee had'st thou not been fair.

Time on that cheek his withering hand may press,
He may do all but make me love thee less;
There mind defies him, and thy charm lies there,
I must have loved thee had'st thou not been fair.

THERE IS A GREAT deal of truth in the following remarks from the Catskill Record: "Show us, says that paper, the man among us, who is continually complaining for the want of trade, and at the same time is wondering 'how the dickens' such and such places have so great a run of custom, we will show you one who is too penurious to spare ten or fifteen dollars a year for advertising.

NOISE DISTURBS SILK WORMS.—A lady who has had much experience in managing silk worms, says that noise disturbs them—as the sound of a hammer, a burst of laughter, or loud talking. Their food should be gently laid down by them, not thrown on them. The lady says she uses as much caution in entering their rooms, as if approaching the cradle of a sick infant.

MENAGERIE ELOQUENCE.—"The honely genvine specimen in the huniwersal globe of the East Ingy rhinosyceros, wot was cotched on the top of North Pole, by Captin Cross; and of the vonderful hoorang hootang as walloped three hottentots in Wan Demon's Land, and was only captured arter it had drank't three gallons of rum toddy."

A MAN BOASTING of his honesty, is generally a rogue; of his courage, generally a coward; of his riches, generally not wealthy; of his democracy, generally an aristocrat; of his intimacy with great men, generally despised by those who may chance to know him; of his wit, popularity and high standing, always a fool.

HOW TO LIVE.

So should we live, that every hour
Should die, as dies a natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.

A PARISIAN TOBACCONIST was fined 4,000 francs, the other day, for selling as snuff, a mixture of mahogany saw-dust, ivory black, salammoniac, potass, alum, and ground glass.

A GOOD BOOK and a good woman are excellent things to those who know how to justly appreciate their value; but there are many who judge of both only by their covering.

THE REALLY IGNORANT.—He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

VARIETY.—No character will please long, who is uniform; to be always jocose, is buffoonery; pathetic, silly; always wise, sententious; always grave, tiresome.

A MAN OF WIT once said, rightly enough, "He who finds a good son-in-law, gains a good son—he who finds a bad one loses a daughter."

ABSENCE.—Uncle Sam says, a farmer, in a neighboring State, intending to cut his hay, in a fit of mental aberration *cut his stick* for Texas!

THE TEMPERATE man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular, and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

TO KNOW EXACTLY how much pleasure may be ventured upon with impunity, is knowledge sufficient for a *little* great man.

AN ARAB proverb says that the most delightful spot in the world is in the saddle of a rapid courser.

HONESTY IS ONE part of eloquence. We persuade others by being in earnest ourselves.

LAW AND equity are two things which God hath joined, but man hath put asunder.

Agricultural.

TREATMENT OF HORSES.

In reference to German postillions, I must, in justice, mention an anecdote of one of these really queer fellows, that did so much honor to his heart and feelings, that in compliment to his nation, it ought not to be omitted. A young friend of mine, who had been accustomed to four merry English posters and English postboys, (the generality of whom, to their eternal infamy be it spoken, would, at any time, risk killing their horses for an extra five shillings) was travelling in Germany, and had paid the postillions with his accustomed English profusion. He got, by this, extra thanks and extra bows, but an extra mile within the hour was out of the question, and determined at the next stage to give the men as little as he possibly could, and did so. He told them the reason, and they merely shrugged their shoulders a little higher than usual. Now, in England, from such bad pay being told to the new postillions, he would have travelled the next stage about the pace of a hearse. But here he went on exactly at the same rate of going he had done before; when my friend stopped the drivers, told them why he had paid with such parsimony, and offered additional bribe for additional speed. The reply he got from one of the postillions was this, and which he had the good sense and good feeling to appreciate:—"He would be happy to oblige, but he might never have the honor to see Mynheer again, and he saw his cattle every day, and he would not distress them." I could have hugged the fine fellow had I been there, though this mode of salutation is not much in my way. Show me an English postboy who would have acted thus against his interest: show me an English coach owner who would let feeling for his horses interfere with his interest. To such men I would say, but should say it without the chance of producing any effect, "Go thou and do likewise"—not they indeed.—*Sporting Magazine.*

AN APPLE WITHOUT SEED OR CORE.—S. W. Jewett, Esq., in a letter to the Boston Cultivator, says, he has this year, received some "slips," (scions we suppose,) of a kind of apple that has neither "*core nor seeds.*" The fruit, he says, is only propagated near Ticonderoga, New York. The origin of the variety is given in the following words—"The top of a young tree was bent over and covered with earth which took root, the tree was cut asunder which stopped all connexion with the natural roots of the tree, and by sprouts which sprung from the tap portion of the body a regular top was formed, which produces this fine fruit, said to be a beautiful red, good size, very pleasant table apple to be used in the fall."

GREEN APPLES.—As soon as your trees commence casting their premature fruit, gather all up and present them to your hogs—or, better yet, let those industrials have free access to your orchards, in order that they may seek out and gather it for themselves. On examining the fallen apples, each will be found to contain a small worm or maggot, which is no other than *curculio* in its pupa state, and which, after eating its way out, will leave the apple for the soil, whence it will emerge in the spring, fully developed, and ready to commence its ravages after the manner of its parent of the year before.—*Maine Cultivator.*

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME, JULY, 1844.

OUR PLATES, BATTLE-GROUNDS, ETC.

In order to increase still further, if possible, the high reputation "Graham's Magazine" has attained, both in this country and Europe, we have sketched out a plan of our own, in regard to embellishments, which, from its extent and usefulness, must meet with general approbation; and we mention it now, because it may hereafter suit those who are *always behind* to take hints from our suggestions, and simply announcing an *intention*, to claim more than the merit of the *previous performer*.

Graham's Magazine, by the engagement of the highest order of talent in the country, both in literature and the arts, is now universally regarded as THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and we purpose, at the close of the present volume, to *show our hand*, and an enlarged enterprise, and we call upon others to strike out something original.

VIEWS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

In pursuance of our plan to make "Graham" in all respects a NATIONAL WORK, we have engaged the most accomplished artists to prepare for the magazine a series of engravings of *noted places* in the far West, South and South-West, while our townsman Mr. CROOME and others are engaged to supply us with a series of views in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and the East. We have purchased of JAMES HERRING, Esq. a series of original engravings, made from original pictures, by CHAPMAN and others, of places noted in Revolutionary History, and also of Messrs. RAWDON, WRIGHT, HATCH & SMILLIE, the beautiful series of Georgia views, prepared some time since from original drawings, for the Messrs. RICHARDS, two noble-hearted young gentlemen of Georgia, whose patriotic enterprise—that of giving in elegant style the most charming views of their native State—was abandoned for want of the proper encouragement in the outset. These views are the most elegant landscape pictures that have ever been engraved in the United States, and we rejoice at the opportunity afforded us of sending them forth through our ample circulation to more than one hundred thousand readers, in *every part of the Union*. One of them we give in the June number.

INDIAN SCENES AND SKETCHES.

In addition to this, we have in the engravers' hands some fine pictures of *Indian Scenes—War-Dances—Hunting-Parties—Portraits of celebrated Indian Chiefs—Noted Indian Graves—Sports and Pastimes among the Indians, &c., &c.* So that we shall give a strictly American character to Graham's Magazine, and present in the coming volume, *from original American drawings and pictures*, the most glorious scenes of every part of our country.

BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

"The Battle-Grounds of America" is a feature of which we are proud. This we projected *more than two years ago*, and Mr. Peterson and others at that time began, at our instance, to collect letter-press materials for these sketches, as can be proved if necessary by a host of witnesses. We have now *four of these Battle-Grounds ready to publish, and shall give one in the July number*. We already occupy the ground, by the possession of more than a dozen of these sketches, and therefore *defy* any thing more than a *mere show* of competition.

We had a conversation with Col. S. D. Patterson, upon this subject, early last summer, and we hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to him for valuable suggestions on this matter. We add notes from him and other gentlemen below.*

We have thought proper to meet this question, because a similar effort was made to deprive us of credit, when, in 1841 and '42, the magazine world was taken by storm with our unequalled series of mezzotint plates—a feature adopted by others long after we had occupied the field.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"Our Portrait Gallery of American Authors" is a feature which we claim as *our own*, and, though imitators may arise, we have secured *all the best writers of the day*, who come appropriately under the denomination of "Our Contributors," and we need not tell our readers that these are nineteen-twentieths of our magazine writers. *We, therefore, bid defiance to any and all competition in magazine illustration.*

OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The high tone of the articles in Graham's Magazine has given it the proud position of "*the leading magazine in America.*" With such writers as the following, *secured* as regular contributors, the publisher defies any rivalry: James Fenimore Cooper, Hon. James K. Paulding, W. C. Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry W. Herbert, James Russel Lowell, Chas. Fenno Hoffman, Hon. R. T. Conrad, with a host of other gentlemen of high repute.

Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Mary Clavers, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Annan, Mrs. Nicholas, Mrs. Peirson, Mrs. Worthington, Miss Rand, Miss Hervey, and others.

MUSIC AND THE FASHIONS.

An arrangement has been made with competent artists for *Original Music for Graham's Magazine*, and also for the earliest styles of fashionable costume, which will regularly appear in this work.

TERMS

SINGLE COPIES,		$3 PER ANNUM.	
CLUBS, 2	"	$5	"
" 5	"	$10	"
" 8	"	$15	"
" 11	"	$20	"

An Original Novel will be sent to each subscriber.

Address, GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

THE BATTLE-GROUNDS.

Philadelphia, April 20, 1844.

* MY DEAR SIR—In reply to your inquiry, I can state, with perfect confidence, that, in the summer of 1843, I had a conversation with you on the subject of making engraved views of the "Battle Grounds of America" a feature in the Magazine, and that I then saw, in your possession, an original sketch of Chew's House, and the battle-field at Germantown. Very truly, &c. S. D. PATTERSON.

GEO. R. GRAHAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR—I distinctly remember the occasion on which the publication of "The Battle-fields of America" in your Magazine was projected. It was in my office, more than two years ago, in a conversation betwixt you, several other gentlemen, and myself. About a year afterward, to my knowledge, steps were taken to put the project in execution. Yours, truly,

April 23d, 1844. CHAS. J. PETERSON.

DEAR SIR—I distinctly remember that, more than eighteen months ago, you mentioned to me, in a conversation I had with you, that you were about introducing "The Battle-Grounds" into your Magazine, and that I then expressed a high opinion of the plan.

Philada., April 23, 1844. SAML. TILLER.

CONSUMPTIVES DO NOT DESPAIR!!

THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR and WOOD NAPHTHA, the most certain and powerful remedy ever discovered for PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, and all diseases of the respiratory organs.

The readers attention is requested to the following ASTONISHING CURE of a lady well known in this community. PHILADELPHIA, March 9, 1844.

Mr. S. Thomson—Dear Sir—Although unsolicited by you, I consider it a duty I owe to my suffering fellow creatures, to make the following statement, which for humanity's sake I hope you will make public; for rarely, if ever, has so astonishing a cure been effected in Pulmonary Consumption, when the patient was so near the grave.

Four years ago I had a violent attack of bilious fever, which left my general health in a wretched condition, with great weakness at the chest; a slight cough supervened, which gradually increased in violence until all the symptoms of Pulmonary Consumption became fearfully apparent: Such as *copious night sweats, soreness and swelling of the throat, hectic fever, hoarseness and often total loss of voice, a sense of suffocation and dreadful oppression*, so that for *ten months* together, it was necessary every night to prop me up with pillows almost in a sitting posture; *bleeding from the lungs*, and at one time I threw up a *full pint of blood*. Such was my distress, that I had to keep my throat constantly moist with some cooling liquid, and to crown all, I suffered with *violent palpitation of the heart*. Every morning I would cough up with great pain, large quantities of putrid matter. In this condition I rapidly wasted away, and I had not the shadow of a doubt that before this winter was over I should be a corpse.

During my protracted sufferings I used all the popular remedies for Consumption, but none of them even so much as relieved me. I also had the advice, at different periods, of *four good physicians*, who did all they could for me, with no avail. They in turn pronounced me incurable, and said that I might linger a few months, but my disease was *confirmed Consumption*, and beyond the reach of medical skill.

In order, if possible to procure at least an abatement of my sufferings, a friend suggested the use of your *Compound Syrup of Tar*, and brought me a bottle, and I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses, at the *immediate* and *wonderful* relief it afforded me. I took it regular for two months, every symptom gradually disappeared, my lungs healed, my strength returned, and astonishing as it may seem, from *being scarcely able to raise my head from the pillow*, I am now able to *walk miles* without fatigue, and your invaluable medicine has, through the blessings of God, been the means *literally*, of rescuing me from the grave.

Should you think proper to publish this you are at liberty to refer the afflicted to me, that every word of the foregoing may be substantiated by me in person.

MARY HANEY, 48 Spruce st.

Prepared and sold by S. P. Thomson, N. E. corner 5th and Spruce sts., Philada. Sold also by Dr. Wm. C. McPherson, Harrisburg, J. Gish, Lancaster, J. V. Lambert, Reading, Pa., Dame & Aldrich, Poughkeepsie, N. York, T. B. Hewlings, Trenton, N. J., F. Woolman, Burlington, N. J., Seth W. Roberts, Mobile, Ala., A. B. and D. Sands, N. Y.

Price 50 cts. per bottle, or $5 per dozen. ☞ *Beware of counterfeits.* my 4-6m

UMBRELLAS CHEAP.
REST FENNER & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, AND SUN SHADES,
No. 143 Market Street, Philadelphia,

Invite the attention of merchants, manufacturers, &c., &c., to their extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES FOR CASH.

The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the Lowest Price for Cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.

Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of merchants, manufacturers and dealers. mar 16-1y

A Large Assortment of the New Style Curtain Parasols.

TO PARENTS AND OTHERS.
RAND'S INTRODUCTION TO PENMANSHIP.
NEW SERIES IN SIX PARTS.

THIS SYSTEM IS THE RESULT OF MORE than thirty years experience. It commences with the simplest principles, and by a gradual progress, terminates with a free, bold and expeditious business hand. By the use of these books, the learner will advance rapidly and surely without the aid of a teacher, as all necessary instructions are given on their covers.

The system has been adopted by the public, and most of the private schools of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, &c., &c., and has proved eminently successful.

These books contain twice as much as the common ruled books, and are sold (wholesale) at the same price.

Published and for sale by B. H. Rand, 166 South Ninth street, where may be had also, Rand's Penmanship in eight parts, suited to every stage of the learner's progress, both in plain and ornamental writing.

my 4-tf B. H. RAND

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

SINCE the important discovery of Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair from falling off, or if already bald may with certainty have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's appeared, and has continued to increase, so that I have had it cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick.

Respectfully yours, &c.
GEORGE W. EATON.
Professor in Hamilton and Literary Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

From the Somerville (N. J.) Whig.

Some time since I called upon Mr. P. Meson, of Somerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING handsomely; I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.

JAS. O. ROGERS, Methodist Minister,
Mount Horeb, Somerset county, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1839.

Doctor Jayne—Dear Sir: I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now for about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried many of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bears Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c., &c., without experiencing much, if any, benefit.

Respectfully yours,
S. B. FITCH, M. D.,
No. 172 Chesnut street.

We publish the following letter from a sense of duty to the public. It is just such a letter as we should have expected from such a source. We know Dr. Quigly personally, and there is no man in the country, whose opinion is entitled to more respect. He is on all subjects honest and sincere, and his high character as a Physician can be attested by the first medical men in this city.—*Philada. Sun.*

Shepherd's Town, Va. Oct. 10, 1843.

Dear Sir,—You inquire of me whether I have used your Hair Tonic, and the effects. Several years ago my hair began to fall rapidly from the scalp, and I had the prospect of premature baldness. During several years I used various preparations recommended for the hair, from which I derived no benefit. At length a friend recommended your Hair Tonic. I used three or four bottles according to the printed directions, and at the end of six months, my hair was thick set, and since its tendency to turn grey was arrested.

I have never before given a certificate, recommending patent medicines, which indiscriminately used, as they often are, do much injury, but in a case like the present, where I know the article to be beneficial, and that it can do no harm. I have no scruples in stating facts within my own knowledge.

Yours, &c. JOHN QUIGLY, M. D.
Dr. D. JAYNE, Philadelphia.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia, where also may be had Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, Carminative Balsam, Sanative Pills, and Life Preservative. June 17-1y

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!
THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE.

THE following testimony, says the Pittsburg Daily Sun, has been voluntarily offered to the agent of Dr. JAYNE, at the Franklin Head Printing Office, Third street, of the valuable effects of the use of his Vermifuge and Expectorant, by JOHN KNOX, a well known and highly respectable Book and Job Printer, of this city. The facts he states can be generally testified to by several respectable physicians, besides various inhabitants of the city, conversant with Mr. Knox's family.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 20, 1843.

Mr. A. JAYNES:

Sir—Justice to Doctor D. Jayne's Medicines compels me to make you the following statement, respecting a child of mine who suffered very much from an affection of the lungs or chest.

In the fall of 1839, my daughter, six years old, took sick with a violent cold, which grew worse every day, until she could scarcely breathe. We called in a very eminent and a very attentive physician, who immediately took her in his hands, and said that she would not have lived one day more without aid. She continued very ill for three or four weeks, the physician doing every thing that he could for her—but all to no purpose. The seat of her disease could not be reached—her breathing was very short; it was but a gasping for breath—her right side began to swell up very much. The Doctor thought that water was accumulated in her chest; he consulted with the best physicians in the city—one of them was of the opinion that it was matter instead of water. Every thing was done that could be done to remove the water, but all without effect—blistering, cupping, leeching, &c., until our patience and the patience of the Doctor himself was completely exhausted. At length the Doctor concluded that an operation was necessary to give her ease, but he did not promise that he would cure her. He consulted with several of the best physicians in the city, and they came to the same conclusion, that nothing but an operation would do her any good. We (her parents) gave consent, and in the latter part of January, 1840, the operation was performed. The child, being nothing but skin and bone, stood the operation very well, considering her great weakness. About three pints of matter were taken from her side, between the sixth and seventh ribs, without much relief to her. The matter was at first healthy, but afterwards became offensive, bursting out in the night and running all over her clothes and bed—the smell being so bad that we have had to open the house in the middle of the night, in order to be able to dress her.

All this time she was burning with fever, and coughing all the time. She had a voracious appetite, indeed, and all she ate passed from her just as she ate it, without being the least touched by her stomach. This state of affairs continued for three or four months, the Doctor still attending her, and doing his best to make her EXPECTORATE, but always without success. He gave her twenty-three mercurial powders in succession to salivate her, but they never touched her—she remained the same, as the Doctor said, "neither better nor worse." He finally told me he could do nothing for her; he said that she must die. These are his words: "your child must die; she can't live; she smells like a corpse and looks like a corpse." He left her and we resorted to Sarsaparilla Syrup, thinking that she might obtain relief from it. We used one bottle, a quart, but without any success, and in about a week after the Dr. left her he called again, for he was very anxious about her, and we must say for him that there never was a more attentive physician; he expressed his surprise to find her pretty much as he had left her. He said something must be done for her. I would here mention that we had to dress her side from six to ten times per day—and she inclined to lie on her right side so much that she became crooked; her back bone was quite bent, and her breast and side had sunk very much, so that we had no hopes of her ever being straight if she should get well otherwise.

The Doctor now proposed to fumigate her with mercury, in order, he said, to alleviate her if possible. I procured the stuff, and on my way I passed your Printing office, and mentioned the circumstance of the child's sufferings to you. You recommended, if you recollect, Dr. Jayne's EXPECTORANT and VERMIFUGE. The Vermifuge first, to give tone to her stomach, and the Expectorant to make her expectorate—just what she wanted. She often said, "If I could spit I would feel better." Well, we did not like to have her sit over hot mercury for two hours a day for twelve days, and I immediately abondoned the idea and took your advice, got a bottle of Vermifuge and one of Expectorant, and commenced using them. I gave her a teaspoon full of Vermifuge first, and then fifteen drops of Expectorant the first day. The next day I gave her a teaspoon full of Expectorant, and it made her vomit, which did her great good; for it seemed to break the fever, and the sweat began to show itself on her brow; and in one week there was a great change on her for the better. We began to feel as though we should not lose her yet. The matter from her side became less offensive every day, and grew thick and yellow, whereas it was black and thin like dirty water before we gave her your medicines. She also expectorated very freely, and the same kind of stuff that came from her side before, now came from her mouth every time she would cough, in great quantities. I continued to give her fifteen drops a day until she got entirely well, which was in the winter of 1841-'2; and the reason why I have not made this known before, is this: I wished to see whether or not a permanent cure had been effected; and this I think can safely be said by all who know the child, as she is now running about and going to school, as well as ever she was. Her back having resumed its natural shape, her breast and side filled up, and she is fat and hearty—all the effects of Dr. Jayne's valuable medicines.

I believe if I had known of your medicines in the first place, the child's sufferings would have been of short duration, as it would seem that all she wanted was something to make her EXPECTORATE.

You may do what you think proper with this statement, as I am willing to be qualified to all that it contains.

Yours, with respect, June 17-1y
JOHN KNOX, PRINTER, Pittsburg.

The above valuable medicines are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.

PARENTS, MOTHERS PARTICULARLY are informed that JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, NEVER fails to cure SUMMER COMPLAINT, Cholic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, &c., and all other affections of the Stomach and Bowels.

DARLINGTON, Beaver Co. Pa., Feb. 1836.

Dr. D. Jayne. Dear Sir—My little son when about two months old, was seized with a *bowel complaint*. It continued for about two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "Jayne's Carminative," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint; and immediately despatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty-six hours the disease was checked, and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "Jayne's Carminative," and the result was a speedy cure.

The same child, owing to exposure, when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed lest the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a teaspoonful of your Expectorant, and applied some liniment to the throat and breast; and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I have so high an opinion of your medicines, and why I advise every family to keep them on hand, ready for any emergency.

Respectfully yours, ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
Pastor of the Presb. Church, Darlington, Pa.

Dr. Jayne. Dear Sir—Having used in my family, for eight years, your Carminative Balsam, I deem it due to yourself and the public to state that I have uniformly found it efficient in relieving and removing the complaints for which it is intended. I am strongly opposed to all quackery, but touching the above medicine, "I have testified that which *I do know*," and that which *I have experienced*. Respectfully yours, JOHN C. HARRISON,
Pastor of Baptist Church, Bordentown, N. J.
June 1, 1839.

The names of hundreds of others equally respectable can be given, and all pronounce it the most valuable medicine in the world for the cure of Bowel Complaint.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.